The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1894.

The Week.

A PENNSYLVANIA "idee" of the way to settle the tariff and the currency at one stroke is clearly a-hatching. Senator Cameron rather muddily outlined it in his speech on Wednesday week, in which he insisted that "the tariff and silver are two sides of the same issue," and declared that it was "easier for Republicans to take this ground than their opponents, who have destroyed silver." But it is in the April *Textile Record*, published in Philadelphia, that we find the grand scheme clearly described. Says this precious journal:

"Why should not all American interests stand together and make common cause against the common enemy? No sane man in this country desires silver monometallism; but if the choice were given to manufacturers, of gold monometallism with the Wilson tariff bill or silver monometallism with the McKinley tariff, who can doubt that the latter alternative would be preferred by an overwhelming majority? The gold monometallism which is impoverishing our Western farmers has the same British origin as the free-trade policy which menaces our manufacturers with deadly hurt. The two evils belong together and work to a similar end, namely, destruction of American interests for the advantage of British interests. Surely there is some ground upon which the protectionists can meet the friends of silver remonetization and can arrange to work together for the defeat of the assault now made upon its industries."

We invite the attention of New York Republican editors to this reckless and incendiary talk. The truth is, that our greatest financial peril just now lies in the surprising way in which Eastern Republicans are falling over each other in their haste to encourage and inflame the silverites. What with Lodge and Cameron and Gallinger and Walker going out of their way to stir up the silver agitation afresh, we shall soon be able to wrest the palm for financial lunacy from the South and West. The present attitude of these Republicans is a striking confirmation of the view that the whole silver folly got its life as a branch of protection, while their willingness to wreck the finances of the country in order to save the protective system shows what desperate and unscrupulous men that system begets.

The *Quarterly Journal of Economics* has done well to get an article from President Andrews explaining the motives and morals of his new silver crusade. Nothing could be more timely or needed, for nothing has been more stupefying and incomprehensible than the starting up at such a time of such a movement in such a place, backed by such men. But unfortunately President Andrews's explanation only makes the whole thing even more stupefying and incomprehensible. The great object which he and his friends are working for, it seems, is to prevent the "silver craze" from being "intensified." There was great danger, he writes, after the repeal of the Sherman law, that the silver-men of the West and the South would go wildly ahead and land us in silver monometallism. This even President Andrews thinks would be "unsafe," though in almost all other respects "our Western friends" have "the facts, the logic, the ethics of the situation with them." So he pictures himself and his bimetallic committee as coming to the help of the country against silver monometallism. As a consequence, he says, "the power of the extreme silverites is broken." He knows this through "numerous communications received from the West." If "the gold papers" will now turn in and help the Boston committee do a little placating of the currency cranks, all will be well, and we shall escape the silver basis and land safely in the Elysian Fields of international bimetallism.

Now, what could be a more grotesque misreading of the facts? The power of the extreme silverites did, indeed, appear to be broken at one time, but that was last October, when they were routed in their last stand on the Sherman law. It did look then as if the silver craze were at an end, and business men breathed easier than they had since 1878. The silver-men themselves could nowhere see a ray of hope, and had not even spirit enough left in them to prophesy what would happen "when the people rose in their might," etc. But what has changed all this, and put the breath of life under the ribs of death? Ask Senator Wolcott, who rises in the Senate to say that the bimetallic leagues in the East are doing "an infinite amount of good" and hastening on the time when we shall go to the silver basis without any ridiculous waiting for other countries to go there too. Read for an answer the rabid silver journals of the South and West, which are filled with exultant references to the Boston bimetallists as a living and irrefutable proof that the silverites were right all along. "The committee does not propose to make use of any political agency," says the innocent Andrews, not seeing that he is doing all in his power to prolong the terrible evil of keeping our standard of value at the mercy of politicians for another indefinite period of uncertainty and alarm. And the crowning fatuity of the whole is to suppose that this is the way to check the "silver craze"! When you tell a crazy man that "the facts, the logic, the ethics of the situation" are all with him, except in one or two unimportant particulars, unless you are crazy yourself you cannot expect him to do anything but tell you that you are altogether wrong about those particulars, and that you yourself had better get into the asylum, too, without loss of time.

A week ago Saturday the export of gold from this country to Europe, which had been going on spasmodically since the middle of December, began again, and it was continued by further shipments on Saturday last. All told, the fortnight's export of specie amounts to $7,500,000, of which approximately $3,000,000 was furnished from the gold holdings of city banks, while $4,400,000 was taken in exchange for United States notes from the federal treasury. Each of our recent brief gold-export movements has been occasioned by a temporarily sharp demand for capital in some foreign financial centre. In December, and early in the present year, the completion of the Austrian Government's resumption plans called for supplies of gold, most of which were drawn from Berlin, but part of which came indirectly from New York. This month the demand for capital has arisen in Paris, where a $40,000,000 municipal lottery loan has just been opened for public subscription. This loan is offered at the unusually low interest rate, for a European city, of 2½ per cent.; but such is the demand for high-grade investments, and such the supply of idle capital, that the advance subscription for this loan, which it had been expected would be covered almost wholly in France, came very largely from London. The London capitalists thus subscribing found that, of all the world's great money markets, our own showed the largest surplus of unemployed capital subject to their orders. During and after last year's acute financial strain, a very large amount in loans was negotiated in London by our bankers and corporations. Upwards of $48,000,000 gold was shipped to us on this account. When panic had subsided, and hoarded money flowed back into our banks, the local money market became again exceptionally easy, and last summer's loans from European bankers, as they matured, were paid off and renewed with local institutions. This left the foreign bankers with a large supply of absolutely idle capital on their hands in New York city. So long as the foreign markets continued equally flat, the credits were left in New York city. But that these funds, which now in large measure draw no interest whatever; and which are at present useless here, should have been transferred through shipment of gold to Paris, as soon as a new invest-

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ment field had opened there, was surely no matter for either agitation or surprise.

Senator Smith's speech against the income tax last week was both weighty in substance and admirable in manner. It was, in fact, the most effective assault on that measure which has been made in Congress. Particularly telling was the New Jersey Senator's demonstration of the needlessness of the tax as a revenue measure, and of its sectional and socialistic animus and form. We wish we could believe that the arguments of the speech would have any practical effect; but unfortunately the question appears to be already settled without argument, so that close observers at Washington consider the income tax certain to become a law. That it will be odious and ineffective in operation is clear, but that the outlook for its early repeal on that ground may be said to be good, he would be a rash prophet who should assert. What assurance have we that the Republicans, if they control the next Congress, would dare offend the Western members of their party who are strong for the income tax? Any one who recalls how they have knuckled under to their silver allies would be slow to say that they would surely take a higher tone with their Populist allies. If the tax proves as "popular" in the West as now seems likely, no party as such can be depended upon to oppose it.

It is reported that an effort will be made in the Senate to amend the income tax so as to minimize its socialistic aspect—that is to say, to bring down the limit of exemption to $1,500 or less. That is the only honest way to levy an income tax. All the economic writers who speak of such a tax as the most equitable of all in theory, mean the tax in a form which does, indeed, distribute its burdens among all classes in society having an income more than adequate to the bare necessaries of life. No country that has such a tax thinks of letting off the smaller incomes for the sake of hitting the large ones alone. The honest income tax goes on the theory that there are necessary public expenditures which can be met in no other way, and which therefore rest fairly upon all the people, and are to be met by taxing all impartially. But the income tax now before the Senate is confessedly unnecessary as a revenue measure, and is defended exactly because it does not tax the people equitably. The movement to amend it into some semblance of fairness should be pressed. It will doubtless fail, but it will at least accomplish the unmasking of the champions of the socialistic form of the tax. During the war, when the income tax was regarded as a burden which should be patriotically borne, and which was, in fact, laid upon all classes in proportion to their ability to bear it, the tax was paid cheerfully and brought in large returns. But as soon as it became clearly unnecessary, and, after 1870, an undisguised attack on the rich, it became so odious and fruitless that its repeal followed speedily.

There could hardly be a better illustration of the audacity, we were going to say depravity, of Senator Lodge's demagogy, than the phrase, "when not in contravention of any existing treaty," in his resolution in favor of putting discriminating duties on British products to compel England to change her standard of value. It would not be surprising if Peffer, or Simpson, or Coxey introduced such a resolution, because they probably know nothing about existing treaties or about the obligation of treaties. But Lodge knows perfectly well that we are bound by the treaties of 1794 and of 1815 not to impose on British goods any duties which we do not impose on those of other nations. It was to learn such things that he was sent to Harvard College, and he is presumed to know them by everybody who reads his reform articles in the magazines. Consequently his resolution is a simple appeal to the most ignorant Anglophobia and silverism, very probably in the belief, which he shares with Hill, that the Presidency can be won by trickery and knavery. Moreover, even if British commerce were not protected by existing treaties, it would be protected by England's power of retaliation. Any one who supposes that an attempt by foreigners to coerce a great nation into a change in her own currency, would not cause the people to rise as one man into passionate resistance, must be as great a fool as Lodge pretends to be. Our exports to Great Britain last year amounted to $361,000,000, the breadstuffs alone to $70,000,000. There is hardly an item in them in which other countries do not compete with us. The smallest duty on them would therefore drive us out of that market and make the Western and Southern silverites howl worse than ever. The contributions of Massachusetts and Harvard College to federal politics during the past two years in the persons of Lodge and Quincy really seem like a freak of nature, and we respectfully call the attention of the Board of Overseers to the phenomenon.

The debate in the House on the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill has been a dreary and disappointing affair, degenerating into personalities and the usual vindication of party virtue by asserting that "we are as good as you are, anyhow." Mr. Hitt made a slashing attack on Quincy, but "made no criticism as a Republican." That is to say, he assented to the doctrine that the consuls should be turned out ruthlessly and the business and honor of the country let go to the dogs to make places for political hangers-on, and only objected to somebody else having the dirty work to do instead of himself. In so far, Mr. McCreary's retort on Mr. Hitt, referring to his own experience and record as an assistant secretary in the State Department, was a fair enough *tu quoque*. But his own defence of Mr. Quincy was received with such marked coolness by the House that he was glad to drop that and resort to the time-honored method of arousing applause by confessing his belief "that the party in power, whether it be the Democratic or Republican party, should be represented in all the offices by the men who reflect the views of the dominant party." After this we know what weight to attach to his belated admission that the whole system needs "revising." In neither party is there any indication of a serious purpose to do anything to remove the crying disgrace and outrage of our consular system.

The decision of the South Carolina Supreme Court that the dispensary law is unconstitutional cannot surprise anybody who has followed the controversy over the statute. The decision is based upon the principle that the law gives the State a monopoly of the liquor traffic, and that the Constitution gives the State no right to assume such a monopoly of any business. Furthermore, the court holds that the act cannot be regarded as a police regulation, and, even if it could be, such police power does not include the power on the part of the State to engage in carrying on such business. The court consists of three judges—two anti-Tillmanites and one Tillmanite, for such is the only way of defining the political attitude of men in South Carolina at present. Although its decision was not unexpected, Gov. Tillman seems not to have been prepared for it—or, at least, not ready to announce his programme for the future. As a change in the membership of the court will occur in July, when the majority will shift to Tillman's side, a rehearing of the matter may be asked, with a view to securing a decision then sustaining the law. There is also talk of an extra session of the Legislature, though it seems questionable whether that body could pass any law which would meet the fundamental objection of a majority of the judges to the statute just annulled. In any event, there must be a period of doubt and uncertainty, with an apparent likelikood that "free rum" will for a while be the rule.

The attorney-general of New Jersey decided last week that the "referendum" cannot be adopted in that State without an amendment to the Constitu-

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tion. This is in line with the similar decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. It seems obvious enough that no State constitution ever contemplated direct legislation by the people, and that such legislation could be had only by a dangerous stretching or evasion of the constitutional provisions. Attorney-General Stockton also intimated that the Constitution of the United States might possibly be interpreted so as to prohibit such legislation in any State. When we consider the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of amending a State, and particularly the federal, Constitution, it seems clear that the champions of the referendum in American politics have a hard road to travel.

For the second time within six months, a negro has been lynched by a white mob in Ohio. Gov. McKinley expresses deep regret, but says that he can do nothing about it. In the previous case he wrote letters to those whose business it was to investigate the matter, and the judge gave sharp instructions to the jury, "but nothing came of it." One thing, however, has come. The Republican newspapers of Ohio have read fewer lectures to the South on the proper treatment of the negro during the past six months than used to be their habit.

The fight between Bragg and Naftel in Alabama, in a private room, in which Bragg was killed and Naftel dangerously wounded, arose out of Naftel's saying that Bragg at a meeting had not acted like a gentleman, by, in some manner, obstructing his view. It is unfortunate that Bragg should have thought it necessary to kill Naftel for this statement. But the criminal code of gentlemen at the South is one of appalling severity. Draco could not hold a candle to them. They constantly inflict capital punishment, without trial, for mere trifles, a hasty word or an inadvertent push. The duel, or regular fight before witnesses, has now gone out of fashion, some of the papers say, but the "difficulty" continues. On the whole, however, the duel was better than the "difficulty." For a duel "friends" were needed, who, if adepts in their art, always tried to arrange matters without a fight, and the condemned man always had time to settle his affairs and bid good-bye to his family. The "difficulty," on the contrary, may come to the most peaceable man at any moment, and there is no earthly mode of escape. A has some slight dispute or trouble with B, and perhaps thinks no more about it. But he suddenly hears that B has condemned him to death, or, in Southern parlance, said "he would kill him on sight." There is then no alternative. A must go armed and open fire on B whenever he sees him coming. The best of it is that the news that the "difficulty" exists soon gets about the town, and the whole population is then on the *qui vive* to see what will happen when the men meet, and the newspapers keep the press waiting and the reporters on the alert. Sometimes, as in the Bragg-Naftel case, the combatants simply visit each other in a private room and blaze away there. What civilized man would not sooner fight a duel than go through this agony of expectation?

Naftel's recovery is doubtful, but even if he does recover, he will not suffer. Southern society forgives everything to a man who has had a "difficulty," even if he is a minister, elder, or a churchwarden. But this fighting in a private room recalls the case of Maj. Campbell, the English army officer, who had a "difficulty" with Capt. Boyd of his own regiment in 1807 at the mess-table. They differed about a certain word of command given by Campbell, which Boyd said was not correct. Campbell felt that he must kill Boyd for taking this view, so he got him to fight him with pistols twenty minutes later, in a small room, and shot him through the body. Before his death Boyd declared that he wanted to wait for friends, but Campbell would not. Campbell was tried for murder, convicted, and hanged one week later, in spite of the agonized entreaties of his wife, addressed to the King in person and all the royal family.

Secretary Gresham's despatch to Minister Willis, stating that "an American citizen who voluntarily takes an oath to support and bear true allegiance to a foreign power, contemplating participation in its affairs, probably abandons his right to claim protection from the United States," is held by the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent to spring from a "sinister motive." Its effect will be, he says, "to prevent a number of Americans from taking part in the coming election to select delegates to the Hawaiian Constitutional Convention." But most people will say that it is high time to put an end to the monstrous farce of American citizens overturning a foreign government and setting up another in its place, and going throughout on the principle that, if they are successful and get all the offices and the spoils, they are Hawaiians, but if they fail and are in danger of hanging as rebels, they are Americans. As to the international law of the case, the Secretary is guarded, as he should be in a matter not clearly settled. The doctrine of perpetual allegiance would be a curious one for us to set up now after our long disputes over it with England and her final abandonment of it and coming over to our own view. The question is whether renunciation of American citizenship is implied in the oath to support the Hawaiian Government and bear arms against its enemies. It may be a nice point to decide, legally, and Mr. Gresham's "probably" shows that he is fully aware of this. But on grounds of common sense and decency there cannot be two opinions. If Americans set about running the public affairs of another country, they ought to be compelled to do it without the coward's shield of allegiance to another government to use in case of danger.

Several times during the last two years we have had occasion to indicate the municipality of St Denis as a happy spot where the social revolution was having free course and glorifying itself in the eyes of mankind. Its course, in fact, has been of almost exactly two years' duration, dating from the elections of 1892. The socialists set out at that time with a programme that promised marvels. Taxes were to be lowered, the octroi suppressed, public works undertaken and pushed to completion, and everybody was to have more butter than bread. The municipality was to enter upon a state of bliss far above that of the Earthly Paradise, and the Happy Hunting-Grounds, and Lubberland, rolled into one. They elected their mayor, as all the world has had some reason to know, and he has just come to the end of his term of office, with results which are not exactly those that were predicted to the Dyonisian voters.

Imposts have not been lowered, but raised; some of them, doubled. The market people pay twice as much for a license as they did before. The octroi is not suppressed; five new bureaus for its collection have been created. Taxes have been augmented, and the good work of increasing them is still going on, as a new project, just submitted to the Municipal Council, shows. Wine is to pay 50 centimes more the hectolitre; cider, 25; beer, 55; alcohol, 3 francs. Rabbits (which are largely consumed by the poorer classes) are to pay a tax increased by 2 francs the hundred kilos; *charcuterie* is to pay 1 franc more; the tax on oysters is doubled; charcoal is to pay 8 centimes more, hay 20, straw 15, oats 15. All materials of construction—brick, plaster, tiles, window-glass—have been treated as if by our own McKinley. But Tammany rather than McKinley seems to have been in the minds of the socialists when they were laying out their public works. The construction of these was given out by chance or favor, without advertising; some of them have needed repairs before they were finished, and all of them have cost twice what they should. Such is the pretty balance-sheet that the outgoing Mayor of St. Denis and his party have to show.

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THE ORGANIZED TRAMP.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON still keeps thinking deeply about public questions. He has not lost, he says, "his convictions on public affairs." He has been much impressed, in particular, by Coxey's army. He observes:

> "We are witnessing now a spectacle that our country has never witnessed before—a so-called industrial army gathering from all quarters of the country and hurrying to Washington to endeavor to impress by their presence upon the members of Congress certain political views—men who go to tell our Representatives that the workm n of the country are in distress and need relief. It is a new spectacle. I believe that if the Republican policies of administration had not been threatened, we should not have witnessed this sad, almost appalling manifestation. But I did not intend to discuss political matters."

To the eye of the general public, the "industrial army" is a collection of tramps and criminals, who deliberately refuse work every day of their lives, and enjoy marching through the country in mobs and living on the farmers and villagers. To the more perspicacious gaze of the ex-President, they are citizens hurrying to Washington "to impress on members of Congress certain political views." To differ with a thoughtful ex-President seems a serious matter, and yet we will hazard the assertion that there is not a "view" in the whole army. What the army wants is bacon, whiskey, hominy, pie and the like, without working for them, and we warrant that they are perfectly indifferent whether these blessings come to them under the McKinley bill or under the Wilson bill. Moreover, they will, we are sure, exempt any Representative from the necessity of listening to their opinions on the present financial situation for a silver dime, or any Senator for a quarter.

To our minds this talk of the ex-President, coupled with the impunity which has attended "the army" on its march, is characteristic of the weakness and irresolution which seem to have overtaken all public bodies, from Congress down, and a great many public men in all parts of the country. They all seem too feeble and vacillating to deal with any social or political problem of the slightest moment. At this season every year the tramps in all parts of the country start out on their summer rambles. They are always more numerous than usual after any social or financial convulsion. They were very numerous after the war, and are always numerous after a panic, for the simple reason that there is always a large number of men in the community who will work if jobs are thrust upon them, as they are apt to be in prosperous times, but will not work at all if they have to seek them. This class of strolling beggars, with the tastes and manners of savages, has been increasing for years. They lodge in the almshouses in winter and rove through the country in summer. Hitherto they have done this singly, or in twos or threes, and were thus exposed to contumely at the hands of the police or the farmers, and to the bites of dogs. Coxey's discovery that they could be got together and made to march in large bodies which could overawe the neighborhoods through which they pass, and probably secure respectful treatment from the local authorities, was the most valuable one ever made for the vagabond population. In fact, it has done what nobody would have believed two months ago could be done by any human agency, raised the profession of tramp into a certain respectability. For instance, no tramp ever dreamed that he had "views" on the tariff until he heard of it from Gen. Harrison, or that when meandering through the country robbing orchards and henroosts and frightening women, he was really acting as a deputation to Congress to oppose the Wilson bill. Consider what a delightful prospect this opens up to this whilom lonely wanderer.

Now let us say in all seriousness that if this "army" business be not now somehow put an end to, nothing is more certain than that it will become a regular part of the summer programme in the whole tramp world. "Armies" will be formed South, East, West, and North every year in April or May, to "march on" Washington or some other city, in numbers large enough to enable them to seize trains, overawe the local police, and levy contributions on the farming population. For it must not be imagined that the provisions Coxey's men get from the people on the way are charitable donations. They are blackmail paid by the frightened people to induce the army to leave their neighborhood. The submissiveness of some of the railroads, combined with the inability of the authorities to know what to do, has, of course, aggravated the evil every day. If there be no Federal legislation to put a stop to it, there should be, and would be if Congress had not fallen into "innocuous desuetude." The march of large bodies of men, with no regular occupations and no lawful object in view, through the country to the terror of the inhabitants, ought to be peremptorily prohibited. Coxey would be in jail by this time and his followers dispersed if we really had a government.

Senator Hawley made some excellent remarks in the Senate, on Friday, on Peffer's proposal to give the various "armies" which are marching on the capital a cordial official reception. It is pleasant to read such talk at a time of great froth, foam, and wind, "ethical" and other. We hope it will awaken some reflection in the minds of ethical, bimetallist, silverite, socialistic, and communistic philosophers touching the paths in which they are now trying to induce this nation to travel. But even in Gen. Hawley's speech there was a little "politics." He confined himself rigidly, apparently, to the impropriety of trying to overawe Congress by a display of physical force at the capital. But he fell in with the assumption that these armies are composed of the genuine "unemployed"—that is, of men who desire work, have vainly tried to get it, and are real citizens of a thinking turn, who have "views" to which it is desirable that legislators should listen. Yet all accounts agree that both the districts from which these men come and those through which they are passing are suffering seriously from want of labor for which good pay can be had. There is also strong evidence that the "armies" are mainly composed of tramps—that is, of men who never work at all or seek work, but live by begging and stealing, and who are simply following their usual manner of life under more favorable circumstances. They are doing *en masse* what they ordinarily do individually. In "armies" they do not fear arrest or dogs, and, instead of stealing a ride on the trains, they are able to seize the trains. We are sorry that no one in the Senate had the courage to utter these notorious truths.

THE QUORUM TROUBLE.

THOSE who are rejoicing so much over the fact that Speaker Crisp has had to adopt the methods of Speaker Reed in the matter of securing a quorum of the House for the transaction of business, would do much better to weep over the fact that it is now demonstrated that neither party can be depended on to discharge its legislative duties under the Constitution. We are having at Washington precisely the experience we have been having at Albany. The theory of parliamentary government is, that when one party offends the public in any particular, either of conduct or of policy, the other party may be relied on to correct its errors, and that, by the simple process of a transfer of power, the machinery of state may be kept in good working order. This theory has broken down to some extent both at Albany and in Washington. When we elected a Republican Legislature in this State, we thought we were putting in power the Opposition which disapproved of the Democrats and would reverse their policy and correct their abuses. But we found, when the Legislature met, that it apparently agreed with the Democrats, and saw no abuses to correct. The past three months have been spent in denouncing the Republicans for this way of looking at themselves, and trying to remind them that their mission is to upset what the Democrats have set up. It is only now, on the very eve of the adjournment, that this abuse has had any effect on them. If let alone by the press, they would apparently have gone home with

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their salaries in their pockets without any attempt at legislation worth mention. In fact, when they met, they were apparently "in with" the Democrats, and were joining them in mocking the constituencies which elected them.

Very much the same state of things exists in Washington. The Democrats were elected to undo what the Republicans had done, by repealing the Sherman act and reforming the tariff. When they met in Congress, it was found that they did not desire to do either the one or the other. They were, on their side, so to speak, "in with" the Republicans. It was with the greatest difficulty that they were induced to repeal the Sherman act, and they are still holding over the reform of the tariff, and have stuck into the bill framed for that purpose, the income tax, which was never mentioned in the canvass, and which nobody who voted for them in this part of the world ever thought of as part and parcel of the Democratic programme. When Speaker Reed was trying to make a quorum by the use of very arbitrary methods four years ago for the benefit of the McKinley bill, the provisions of the bill were so atrocious that there was some sympathy with the minority which refused to help the majority to pass it. At that time the Republican majority held well together in support of their measures. People therefore supposed that when the Democrats came into power, they would hold well together in defence of *their* measures. Nothing of the kind. The Democrats refuse to make a quorum in order either to embody their own ideas in legislation or to reverse the policy of the Republicans. A large number of them hardly seem to think attendance in Congress necessary at all. They draw their salaries and attend to their private affairs in various parts of the country. In other words, they refuse to discharge their duties under the Constitution. Consequently, at Washington as well as at Albany, the parliamentary remedy for abuses of power seems to have failed.

For twenty years after the war, the Democrats were so completely discredited by that event that there was no possibility of putting them in power on any of the actual issues of the day. The Republicans had everything their own way. There was, therefore, practically no remedy for their misconduct, and this immunity thoroughly debauched them. The country at last got tired of one-party government, and resolved, sink or swim, to try the Democrats. Well, they have tried them, and we see the result. We have little doubt the experiment of one-party government will now be tried again, and will be tried for a long time, but it must end in the same way. No party can long bear the possession of power which they feel sure will not be taken away from them.

Those who think they see the decline of representative institutions all over the world will take a good deal of comfort in the spectacle we now present. One hundred years may be said to have made an end of real parliamentary government, for the English Parliament, before the Reform Bill, cannot be considered a representative body. The tendency is, everywhere in Europe, to break parties up into little groups, armed with "fads," who give no steady support to any ministry, and therefore make the carrying out of any consistent policy impossible. Our plan is simply to stay away from the legislative halls, and leave the Speaker to hammer and search for legislators; or else to join the Opposition in refraining from legislation. Both systems bring representative government into contempt. A good deal of pity has, during the last fifty years, been expended on the Romans for not having discovered the plan of representation. But we fancy it will now be more and more a question whether, if they had discovered it, they could ever have founded and maintained their empire. They were governed through the Senate for 700 years by their fittest men, who were always "in their places" when important business was done. If Cato or Cicero were to come back to earth, we doubt much whether his imagination would be fired by the spectacle which either Congress or the New York Legislature just now presents.

CONCERNING "GOING TO EUROPE."

MRS. STEVENSON, a Philadelphia lady, the president of the Civic Club in that city, delivered an address to the club some weeks ago on its work of reform, in which we find the following passage:

"There seems to exist a mysterious, unwritten law governing the social organism, which causes a natural and wholesome reaction to take place whenever tendencies, perhaps inherent in certain classes, threaten to become general and thereby dangerous to the community. A few years ago, for instance, with the increasing facilities for foreign travel and the corresponding increase of international intercourse, Anglomania had become so much in vogue as to form an incipient danger to the true democratic American spirit that constitutes the real strength of our nation. It was fast becoming a national habit to extol everything European—from monarchy and its aristocratic institutions down to the humblest article of dress or of household use—to the detriment of everything American; and from the upper 'four hundred' this habit was fast extending to the upper forty thousand. But just as our wealthy classes were beginning to make themselves positively ridiculous abroad, and almost intolerable at home, a reaction set in, and upon all sides there sprang up patriotic associations of a social order—'Sons and Daughters of the Revolution,' 'Colonial Dames,' etc.—which revived proper American self-respect among our people by teaching us to rest our pride, if pride we *must* have, where it legitimately should rest—upon good service rendered to our own country."

This seems to be a shaft aimed at the practice of "going to Europe," for the decline of "the true American spirit" and the growth of Anglomania are ascribed to the "increasing facilities for foreign travel," and "the corresponding increase of international intercourse." If the charge be true, it is one of the most afflicting ever made, because it shows that "the true democratic American spirit" suffers from what the world has hitherto considered one of the greatest triumphs of modern science, and one of the greatest blessings conferred on the race—the enormous improvement in oceanic steam navigation; that, in fact, American patriotism is very much like the Catholic faith in the Middle Ages—something naturally hostile to progress in the arts.

If, too, the practice of going to Europe be dangerous to American faith and morals, the number of those who go makes it of immense importance. There is probably no American, who has risen above very narrow circumstances, who does not go to Europe at least once in his life. There is hardly a village in the country in which the man who has succeeded in trade or commerce does not announce his success to his neighbors by a trip to Europe for himself and his family. There is hardly a professor, or teacher, or clergyman, or artist, or author, who does not save out of a salary, however small, in order to make the voyage. Tired professional or business men make it constantly, under the pretence that it is the only way they can get "a real holiday." Journalists make it as the only way of getting out of their heads such disgusting topics as Croker and Gilroy, and Hill and Murphy. Rich people make it every year or oftener through mere restlessness. We are now leaving out of account, of course, immigrants born in the Old World, who go back to see their friends. We are talking of native Americans. Of course, all native Americans cannot go, because, even when they can afford it, they cannot always get the time. But we venture on the proposition that there is hardly any American "in this broad land," as members of Congress say, who, having both time and money, has not gone to Europe or does not mean to go some day or other. So that if Mrs. Stevenson's account of the moral effects of the voyage were true, it would show that the very best portion of our population, the most moral, the most religious, and the most educated, were constantly exposing themselves by tens of thousands to most debasing influences.

But is it true? We think not. Americans who go to Europe with some knowledge of history, of the fine arts, and of literature, all recognize the fact that they could not have completed their education without going. To such people, travel in Europe is one of the purest and most elevating of pleasures, for Europe contains the experience of mankind in nearly every field of human endeavor. They often, it is true, come back discontented

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with America, but out of this discontent have grown some of our most valuable improvements—libraries, museums, art galleries, colleges. What they have seen in Europe has opened their eyes to the possibilities and shortcomings of their own country. To take a familiar example, it is travel in Europe which has done most to stimulate the movement for municipal reform. It is seeing London and Paris and Berlin and Birmingham which has done most to wake people up to the horrors of the Croker-Gilroy rule, and inflame the determination to end it as a national disgrace. The class of Americans who do not come back discontented are usually those who had no education to start with.

——"Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll!"

So, even when standing on the Acropolis at Athens or in the Tribuna at Florence, they feel themselves sadly "out of it." They think longingly of Billy or Jimmy, and the coffee and cakes of their far Missouri or Arkansas home, and come back cursing Europe and its contents. No damage is ever done by foreign travel to the "true democratic American spirit" of this class.

And now as to "Anglomania," a subject to be handled with as much delicacy as an anarchist bomb. Anglomania in one form or other is to be met with in all countries, especially France and Germany, and has shown itself here and there all over the Continent ever since the peace of 1815. The things in which it most imitates the English are riding, driving, men's clothes, sports in general, and domestic comfort. The reason is that the English have for two centuries given more attention to these things than any other people. No other has so cultivated the horse for pleasure purposes. No other has devoted so much thought and money to suitability in dress and to field sports. No other has brought to such perfection the art of living in country houses. In all these things people who can afford it try to imitate them. We say, with a full consciousness of the responsibility which the avowal entails on us, that they do right. It is well in any art to watch and imitate the man who has best succeeded in it. The sluggard has been exhorted even to imitate the ant, and we say boldly that any one who wishes to ride or drive well, or dress appropriately, or entertain in a country house, ought to study the way the English do these things, and follow their example, for anything worth doing is worth doing well. It is mostly in these things that Anglomania consists.

Mrs. Stevenson, we fear, exaggerates greatly the number of Anglomaniacs. A few dozen are as many as are to be found in any country, and any government or polity which their presence puts in peril ought to be overthrown, for assuredly it is rotten to the core. There is nothing, in fact, better calculated to make Americans hang their heads for shame than the list of small things which, one hears from "good Americans," put our institutions in danger. We remember a good old publisher in the days before international copyright who thought we could not much longer stand the circulation of British novels. Their ideas, he said, were dangerous to a republic. An Anglomaniac can hardly turn up his trousers on Fifth Avenue without eliciting shrieks of alarm from the American patriot. And yet a more harmless creature really does not exist.

These matters are worth notice because we are the only great nation in the world whom people try to preach into patriotism. The natives of other countries love their country simply, naturally, and for the most part silently, as they love their mothers and their wives. But to get an American to do so, he has, one would think, to be followed around by a preacher with a big stick exhorting him to be a "good American," or he will catch it. But nobody was ever preached into love of country. He may be preached into sacrifices in its behalf, but the springs of love cannot be got at by any system of persuasion. No man will love his country unless he feels it to be lovable; and it is to making it lovable that the exertions of those who have American patriotism in charge should be devoted.

For this purpose we should advise the examination of the Bad Americans on the wharf after their arrival from Europe as to the things which shock or disappoint them when they land on their native shores. Their answers will, we think, as a general rule, reveal the fact that, though Bad Americans, they are good citizens. They will tell you that the American newspaper, after mortifying them abroad, has disgusted them utterly on reaching home; that they are pained by the dirt and shabbiness of the New York streets; by the sight of the scum of the population figuring as mayors, magistrates, and commissioners; by the brutal manners of the expressmen, hackmen, *et hoc genus omne;* by the seedy appearance of the men of the country in their shoddy McKinley clothing, and so on. These, to some people, may seem trifles, but they are what really make two-thirds of the Bad Americans who come back from Europe. Every Good American may take comfort in the fact that very few people indeed of any social or political value who have once lived in America ever want again to live in Europe, unless they go for purposes of study or education. For there is no question that there is no country in the world in which the atmosphere is so friendly, and in which one is so sure of sympathy in misfortune, of acceptance on his own merits independently of birth or money, and has so many opportunities of escape from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, as America. These are the things which, after all, in the vast majority of cases, win and hold the human heart; and a country which has them can well afford to let its citizens travel, and even let some of them "be early English if they can."

PROFESSOR WILLIAM ROBERTSON SMITH.

London, April 17, 1894.

We have lost in William Robertson Smith, who died at the age of forty-seven on the 31st of March, the most learned and perhaps the most remarkable man that either Cambridge or Oxford could show. To the English public generally his name was little known, or remembered chiefly in connection with the episode of the theological controversy and ecclesiastical trial of which he was the central figure in Scotland fifteen years ago. But on the Continent of Europe and by Orientalists here he was looked upon as the foremost Semitic scholar of Britain, and in Cambridge the appreciation of his brilliant abilities was universal.

He was born in the quiet pastoral valley of the Don, in Aberdeenshire, where his father was a minister of the Scottish Free Church, and received his education at the University of Aberdeen, whence he went to spend a semester or two at Göttingen and Bonn. When only twenty-four, he became professor of Oriental languages in the College or Divinity School of the Free Church at Aberdeen, and two years later was chosen one of the revisers of the Old Testament, a striking honor for so young a man. A little later he became, first, assistant editor and then editor-in-chief of the ninth edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' For some years this great undertaking occupied most of his time. He was exceptionally qualified for it by the range of his attainments (whereof more anon) and by the extreme quickness of his mind, which rapidly acquired knowledge on any subject. He took infinite pains to find the most competent writers, and was able to exercise a real practical supervision over a very large proportion of the articles. The high level of excellence reached in this latest edition is chiefly due to his industry and discernment. Not a few of the articles on subjects connected with the Old Testament were from his own pen; and they were among the best in the work.

The appearance of one of them—that entitled "Bible," which contained a general view of the history of the canonical books, their dates, authorship, and reception by the church—became a turning-point in his life. The propositions it laid down regarding the origin of parts of the Old Testament, particularly the Pentateuch, excited alarm and displeasure among those who in Scotland had failed to keep abreast of the progress of modern criticism. The article was able, clear, and perfectly fearless—plainly the work of a master hand. The views it advanced would not now be thought extreme; they are, in fact, accepted to-day by many writers of unquestioned orthodoxy in Britain and a (perhaps smaller) number in the United States. In 1876, however, they were new and startling to those who had not studied in Germany or paid special attention to the writings of such men as Ewald, Kuenen, and Wellhausen. The Scottish Free Church had

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prided itself upon the rigidity of its orthodoxy; and while among the younger ministers there were a good many able and learned scholars of what may be called "advanced views," the mass of the elder and middle-aged clergy had gone on in the old-fashioned traditions of verbal inspiration, and took every word in the five books to have been written down by Moses. It was only natural that their anger should be kindled against the young professor, whose ideas seemed to them to cut away the ground from under their feet. A prosecution was instituted before the Presbytery of Aberdeen, which found its way thence to the Synod of Aberdeen, and ultimately to the General Assembly, and which, in one form or another (for the flame was lit anew by other articles), lingered on for five years. So far from yielding to the storm, Robertson Smith defied it, maintaining not only the truth of his views, but their compatibility with the Presbyterian standards as contained in the Confession of Faith and the Longer and Shorter Catechisms. In this latter contention he was successful, proving that the divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had not committed themselves to any specific doctrine of inspiration, still less to any dogmatic deliverance as to the authorship of particular books. In the end, finding it impossible to convict him of any deviation from the standards, and thereby to deal with him as a minister of the church, his adversaries were obliged to deprive him, by an arbitrary vote, not of his clerical status, but of his professorship, on the ground of the alleged unsettling character of his teaching.

Meanwhile, however, there had been an immense rally to him of the younger clergy and of the more enlightened laity. The main current of Scotch popular thought and life since the Reformation has flowed in an ecclesiastical channel; and even now a theological or ecclesiastical question excites a far wider and keener interest in Scotland than a similar question would do in England. So in Scotland for four years "the Robertson Smith case" was the chief topic of discussion outside as well as inside the Free Church. The sympathy felt for him was heightened by the energy and courage with which he defended his position, showing a power of argument and repartee which made it plain that, in any assembly whatever, he would have held a distinguished place. If his debating had a fault, it was that of being almost too dialectically cogent, so that his antagonists felt that they were being foiled on the form of the argument before they could get to the issues they sought to raise. But while he was an accomplished lawyer in matters of form, he was no less an accomplished theologian in matters of substance. Although the party of repression triumphed so far as to deprive him of his chair, the victory virtually remained with him, not only because he had shown that the Presbyterian standards did not condemn the views he held, but also because his defence had recommended those views to the great majority of thoughtful laymen. The trial has been a turning-point for the Scottish churches. Opinions formerly proscribed are now freely expressed. The doctrinal prosecutions that have been subsequently attempted have, with scarcely an exception, failed; and the failure of one or two of the latest has led the rigidly orthodox section of the Free Church, which is now almost confined to the Highlands, to think of seceding from the main body.

Having no longer any tie to Scotland, as he had never desired a pastoral charge there, since he felt that his vocation lay in study and teaching, he was hesitating which way to turn, when the vacancy of the Lord Almoner's Readership in Arabic, which was offered to him in 1883, determined him to settle in Cambridge. He had travelled in Arabia a few years earlier, and added a colloquial to his grammatical mastery of the language, in whose literature he took a very keen interest. His spirits had not been affected by the attacks made upon him, and he had resisted the temptation, to which strong controversialists are prone, of going further than they originally meant and thereby damaging the position of their friends. But he was a little weary of controversy and pleased to see before him a prospect of learned quiet and labor, although the salary of the Readership was less than £100 a year. Fortunately he had come to a place where gifts like his were sure to be appreciated. The Master and Fellows of Christ's College elected him to a fellowship with no duties of tuition attached to it—a wise and graceful recognition of his merits which did them the more credit because they had very little personal knowledge of him, while he had possessed no prior bond with the University. Christ's is a small college, but has almost always had men of distinction among its fellows, and has maintained a high standard of teaching. In the list of its alumni stand the names of John Milton, Isaac Barrow, and Charles Darwin. Robertson Smith lived in it for the rest of his days, entering into the social life with great zest, for he was of an extremely sociable turn, and the College became proud of him. In 1889, on the death of his friend, William Wright, he became full professor of Arabic. His efforts to build up a school of Oriental studies on the foundations laid by Wright, and with the help of an eminent Syriac scholar, Bensley, were proving successful, and a considerable number of zealous and able young men were gathering round him, when the hand of disease fell upon him, obliging him first to curtail and during the last few months to intermit his lectures. Bensley also is now gone, and it may be feared that the best days of the school are over.

What with work on the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' with the years occupied by his trial, with the time spent in oral teaching, and with the physical weakness of his last few years, Smith's leisure available for literary production was not large, and the books he has left do not adequately represent either his accumulated knowledge or his faculty of investigation. The earlier books—'The Old Testament in the Jewish Church' and 'The Prophets of Israel' (the latter a series of lectures delivered at Glasgow)—are comparatively popular in handling. The two later—'Marriage and Kinship in Early Arabia' and 'The Religion of the Semites'—are more abstruse and technical, and also more original, dealing with topics in which their author was a pioneer. Of the last named only the first volume has appeared, but this volume is a striking and permanently important contribution to a very obscure subject, and has excited the admiration of the few Oriental scholars whose knowledge entitles them to speak with authority. What struck one most in his writing was the easy command wherewith he handled his materials. With perfect lucidity and a natural unstrained vigor, there was a sense of abounding and overflowing knowledge which inspired confidence in the reader, making him feel he was in the hands of a master. On all that pertained to the Semitic races, ancient and modern, he was the highest authority in Britain, not only as respects the width of his knowledge, but also its accuracy and thoroughness, and he often did good service in exposing the uncritical assumptions and loose hypotheses of less careful though more pretentious students. But Oriental lore was only one of many subjects in which the highest distinction was open to him. His mathematical talents were remarkable, and for a short time he taught with conspicuous success the class of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh as assistant professor. He had a competent acquaintance with not a few other practical arts, including navigation, and once, when the compasses of the vessel on which he was sailing in the Red Sea got out of order, he turned out to be the only person on board who could set them right. In metaphysics and theology, in ancient history and many departments of modern history, he was thoroughly at home. Few, indeed, were the subjects that came up in the course of conversation on which he was not able to throw light, for the range of his acquirements was not more striking than the swiftness and precision with which he could bring knowledge to bear wherever it was wanted.

One is always apt to think of men of learning as oppressed by their learning, and therefore likely to be dull, heavy, pedantic. With Robertson Smith the effect seemed to be exactly the opposite. Because he knew so much, he was interested in everything, and threw himself with a joyous freshness and keenness into talk alike upon the most serious and the lightest topics. He was somewhat combative, apt to traverse a proposition when first advanced, even though he might come round to it afterwards; and a discussion with him taxed the defensive acumen of his companions. Yet this tendency did not make his society less agreeable, because he never seemed to seek to overthrow an adversary, but only to get at the truth of the case, and his manner, though sometimes positive, had about it nothing either acrid or conceited. His stature was small, almost diminutive; his eyes singularly bright and keen; his speech rapid; his laugh gay and ready, for he had a strong sense of humor and a great power of enjoying life. Such an unusual combination of qualities as has been described made him a very marked personality, whom all his friends thought of as being quite unlike any one else, and who, therefore, held a conspicuous place in their interest. Such men as he, if they are likeable, have many friends, because we all find pleasure in what is exceptional. Smith was eminently likeable. The geniality, purity, and simplicity of his character gave him a great hold on those who had come to know him well. Few men, leading an equally quiet and studious life, have inspired so much regard and affection in so large a number of persons; few teachers have had an equal power of stimulating and attracting their pupils. He loved teaching hardly less than he loved the investigation of truth, and he was the most faithful and sympathetic of friends—one of those whom their friends feel to be unique while they live and irreplaceable when they have departed.

The courage he had shown in confronting his antagonists in the ecclesiastical courts did not fail him in the severer trials of his last illness. The nature of the disease of which he died was disclosed to him by his physician in September, 1892, while the Congress of Orientalists, in which he presided over the Semitic section, was holding its meetings. A great dinner was being given in honor of the Congress the same afternoon. Robertson Smith simply remarked, "This means my brother's death"

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—one of his brothers having died of the same disease a few years before. He went straight to the dinner, and was the gayest and brightest of the guests throughout the evening.

BARANTE'S MEMOIRS.

PARIS, April 10, 1894.

THE fourth volume of the 'Souvenirs' of Baron de Barante begins with the formation of the first cabinet of the July monarchy, whose principal members were the Duc de Broglie, M. Guizot, Baron Louis (Treasury), Marshal Gérard (War), Count Molé (Foreign Affairs), Sébastiani, MM. Lafitte, Casimir Perier, Dupin. The ministry divided at once into two factions, the party of resistance and the party of movement—such was the phraseology of the time, and it requires little explanation. The press, the clubs, were very troublesome; there were constant manifestations in the streets in Paris and in the provinces. The foreign cabinets were all more or less adverse to the July Revolution, and entertained for a moment the idea of forming anew the Holy Alliance. A revolution broke out in Belgium, and the Belgians established a provisional government and proclaimed their independence. The King of Holland asked for the intervention of his allies, in the name of the treaties of 1815; the French Government proclaimed the principle of non-intervention, and M. de Werther, the Prussian Ambassador, was notified by M. Molé that if a Prussian army entered Holland, a French army would occupy Belgium. At the same time, M. de Talleyrand, who had been sent by Louis Philippe to London, declared to the English Government that France had no idea of annexing Belgium or even of establishing a French prince there. The solution of the Belgian question was submitted to a conference of the great Powers, which was to take place in London.

The Duchesse de Dino had accompanied Talleyrand to London, and writes interesting letters to Barante. She remarks on the absence of any sign of revolution in England, but sees ample material for one in the social conditions about her, on the eve of the introduction of the Reform Bill. M. de Barante was sent in October, 1830, as ambassador to the King of Sardinia; at Turin, he kept up a correspondence with the Duchesse de Dino, Pasquier, Molé, Decazes, with the Duchesse de Broglie. Barante found himself at Turin in the most reactionary court in Europe. The King of Sardinia was the brother-in-law of Louis Philippe, being married to Marie-Christine, a daughter, like Marie-Amélie, of Ferdinand I., King of the Two Sicilies. "The King," writes Barante to Count Sébastiani, "is surrounded by men who have all the pride of aristocracy and are odious to the people; he is impervious to all advice, he hates business and the smallest cares of government. . . . The ministers are sometimes two months without seeing the King." On the occasion of a marriage of the King's daughter with the King of Hungary, Barante sees the four chamberlains, who came to Turin: Count Borromeo, Count Oppizoni, Marquis d'Adda, Count Greppi. He says of them: "They seem to me much more Italian than Austrian. Without seeking conversation with them, I have not avoided it, and I have found them taking great interest in the affairs of France, with which they connect the future of Italy, reading habitually our papers, and filled, as are all the Milanese, with the memories of the kingdom of Napoleon. However, their talk was very guarded."

Barante was much preoccupied with the preponderance of Austria in Italy and with the influence exercised by the Austrian Government at Turin, at Parma, at Modena. He did not much like his post, but he observed everything with great care. He saw clearly that in Turin there was already in 1831 an Italian sentiment, but it was almost hidden. One day Colobiano, the King's secretary, was talking to him about the pressure of Austria. Colobiano told him that to some demands of the Austrians he had answered; "Do you take us for the porters of Italy? We are ourselves; we have our own interests and our own affairs." Cavour could not have spoken better, but the Court was very Austrian in sentiment, and considered Austria as the defender of conservatism against France, which was a centre of revolution. On the 15th of February Barante does not hesitate to write to Count Sébastiani: "I think the time has come to concentrate troops at the frontier as an indispensable precaution in case of war. The passage of the Alps may depend on it; in case of peace, the influence of France needs this support." He said to M. de la Tour at Turin: "We consider the state of Sardinia an independent state," and objected to an Austrian intervention in Italy; La Tour ended by saying: "Intervention is a question of fact; people intervene when they think it indispensable, when they are strong enough to do so, when they are required to do so. Better a war than a revolution." It is clear that the Austrian Government was pressing Sardinia very hard; the King said that he could dispense with Austria's help, but he was obliged in return to promise that he would make no popular or constitutional concessions.

Barante made a little journey to Milan, and writes:

"Milan offers a striking aspect, and, if I had not gone there, no account would have given me an idea of such a situation. It is the most complete separation that could be imagined. I have seen Paris occupied by foreign troops; it was a striking spectacle; it was less so than what is seen in Milan. It is not only among the lower middle classes that this repugnance is manifested; one could not find in Milan a man whose hatred for Austria has been diminished, whatever may have been the marks of favor or honor conferred upon him or his family. The high aristocracy, which has been humored, which has been decorated with ribbons and chamberlains' coats, is as national in its sentiments as the popular opinion."

In Turin the friends of Austria took advantage of every incident which tended to represent France as being in the hands of the revolutionary party. In February, 1831, the Church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois was attacked by a Parisian mob, and the building in which the Archbishop resided was sacked and destroyed. Barante wrote to Pasquier that such incidents were very detrimental to French policy. He complained of the language in which the French Government had spoken of these incidents. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, in an official despatch addressed to the agents of France, had thrown all the responsibility for the event on the Legitimist party.

"The disorders have all been directed against a clergy which is considered by the people to be an enemy of existing institutions and of the new dynasty, not against religion. . . . No personal outrage has to be deplored. . . . The people has destroyed, it has not plundered; if it has been led away by anger, it has not abandoned itself to any shameful or cruel passion. The Revolution has preserved the character of generosity and humanity which honors it even in the eyes of its enemies. . . . France alone, perhaps, could have given this new example of moderation."

This extraordinary despatch was written, says M. Claude de Barante, the editor of his grandfather's memoirs, by M. Mignet under the inspiration of M. Thiers. Gen. Sébastiani has always been credited with having contrived to make it disappear from the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and of almost all the embassies and legations.

Casimir Perier formed a new cabinet in March, 1831; he represented chiefly the party of order and of resistance to the revolutionary elements. He proclaimed also a pacific policy. War was almost imminent when he took the administration in hand. "He will be eminently pacific," writes Pasquier to Barante on the 15th of March. "Adopt that as your rule, and it must be so, for, I declare to you, with war, everything here will go to the devil!" Casimir Perier crushed the party of disorder in Paris; and the King, in order to avoid a European war, supported the candidacy of Leopold of Saxe-Coburg to the new throne of Belgium. His policy was a mixture of moderation and of strength. He obtained from the great Powers who had proclaimed the neutrality of Belgium the demolition of the fortresses of the north which had been built along our frontier. Dom Miguel in Portugal resisted some just reclamations of France; a French squadron entered the Tagus and Dom Miguel had to submit. The Austrians occupied Bologna; at the request of France they had to evacuate that city.

In Turin, Charles Felix died on the 27th of April, and the Prince of Carignano became King, under the name of Charles Albert. During the restoration, Charles Albert had spent several years in France, in exile; he had served in the French army, and had taken part, in the uniform of a grenadier, at the storming of the Trocadero, during the Spanish expedition. "It is a memory," he said to Barante, presenting his credentials, "which is dear to me." Charles Albert was, at heart, an Italian patriot, but he was condemned by his position to a policy of subserviency to Austria, which was then omnipotent in Italy. He had all the instincts and ambitions of his race, but he was obliged to temporize, and his powers of concealment were so great that his friends as well as his enemies could never quite understand him or fathom his intentions. Public opinion expected much from him, "but," says Barante, "this public opinion is here an occult force. There is no kind of publicity. Even conversations are incredibly prudent. So the King receives little support, little impulse from without. He makes the mistake, a very grave one in my opinion, of maintaining all the etiquette of the Sardinian court. This isolates him. He knows nothing of a familiar life, of easy conversation. . . . He has no relations except with the servants of his court and his ministers."

The whole of this fourth volume of Barante's Memoirs is given up to the affairs of Italy, and it is very interesting to see how, in his post at Turin, in a sphere entirely new to him, Barante rapidly became master of all the details of a very intricate and in many points even mysterious situation. He clearly perceived that the domination of Austria was becoming insupportable to the people, that the temporal power of the Pope had its chief support in the Austrians; he understood that the House of Savoy, though its authority was exercised only in a narrow territory, had a great potential force, and was looked upon by Italian patriots all over the peninsula as the possible saviour and liberator. Count Sébastiani was stricken with an attack of apoplexy, and Casimir Perier assumed for a moment the portfolio

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of foreign affairs. The Austrians once more invaded the Pontifical States, under pretext of protecting their possessions in the north of Italy against the revolutionist propaganda. They were occupying Parma and Modena. In his despatch of January 31, 1832, Barante recommended as a counter-demonstration against Austria the occupation of Ancona by French troops. "To see again the French flag in Italy would make a vivid impression." Casimir Perier, who was a man of great energy, adopted the idea, and orders were sent to the French squadron of the Mediterranean. The French troops were landed on the 23d of February, and Ancona was taken by force. This demonstration had great importance. It did not provoke a war between Austria and France, but it showed clearly that France was becoming tired of Austrian preponderance in Italy. The occupation of pontifical provinces and towns on one side by the Austrians, on the other by France, showed that the Papal troops were incapable of defending the Papal dominions. "At the present moment," wrote Barante, "we disturb as little as we can the European equilibrium, for fear of seeing everything fall; but later, if the occasion arises, we may force the Austrians backwards and enlarge the Sardinian states, which, for a hundred and fifty years, has always been the object of a sound policy." Barante's correspondence is truly prophetic, and we find in it the germs of Magenta and Solferino.

Correspondence.

A WARNING FROM RUSSIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The experience of the United States in giving full legal-tender power to both silver and gold, when the silver dollar is worth intrinsically about one-half of its nominal value, with the result of inducing counterfeiters to issue silver dollars at full weight and fineness, and yet making a large profit, is paralleled by the experience of Russia, where an attempt was made by the Imperial Government, in the last century, to establish a bimetallic system of copper and silver, giving full legal-tender power to both metals; silver being at that time the standard of value throughout Europe. Ample details of that disastrous experiment are given by Henri Storch in his 'Cours d'Économie Politique,' published at St. Petersburg in 1815, vol. vi, pp. 91–103.

"As long as the copper money kept its nominal value, the circulation was inundated with counterfeit money made in neighboring countries. According to the Memoirs of Count Münnich, in addition to the four millions of copper money coined in the empire there were also more than six millions of that kind of money imported from abroad."

N. N. T.

Cambridge, April 16, 1894.

FICTION FUNNIER THAN TRUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mrs. Alice Morse Earle has produced, under the title of 'The Sabbath in Puritan New England,' a very entertaining volume, made up very largely of authentic materials; so largely, indeed, that the whole book must inevitably pass for authentic with many readers. The book being so nearly and so apparently historical, it seems a duty to challenge as absolutely untrue this scandalous and injurious statement on pages 270 to 271:

"As late as 1825, at the installation of Dr. Leonard Bacon over the First Congregational Church in New Haven, free drinks were furnished at an adjacent bar to all who chose to order them, and were all 'settled for' by the generous and hospitable society."

I pass the incidental error of naming an institution which never existed. "The First Church of Christ" in New Haven never accepted a sectarian title. It is an institution absolutely coeval with the town and holding itself of not less dignity, and superior to the nomenclature of sectaries. A careful exploration of all sources of information within reach completely negatives a reproach which would almost be resented if brought against a candidate for the Legislature in Idaho. A negative, undoubtedly, is hard to prove, but it is less difficult when, as in the present case, a most courteous inquiry for the authority upon which the accusation is based receives no answer whatever. It is undoubtedly true that the council of clerical and lay delegates from churches of the same order, near and distant, was, according to custom, liberally entertained by the society upon whose business they were come, and that, as in the case of any dinner of gentlemen at that time, there was an ample supply, not only of food but of wine. Until, however, some authority is produced for the utterly different and grossly dishonoring statement which I have quoted, it is submitted that the volume containing it had better be looked upon as a means rather of entertainment than of instruction.

There are other passages in the same volume equally unauthentic, and into which the author has apparently been misled by taking for antique some recent imitations of antiquity. There are students of archæology who are capable of being misled by the ingenious device of simply spelling the definite article with a "y"; and if besides that there is now and then an irregular spelling, the genuineness of the document becomes beyond question. The clownish story, at pages 276-8, of the dedication dinner at Lynn could never have deceived an investigator of less generous credulity.

Is it not a pity that a book containing so much that is both entertaining and true should be disfigured, with apparently no regard for historical verity, by an intermixture of what is neither true nor truthful? T. B.

Rochester, April 18, 1894.

WOMEN AND THE JURY-BOX.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of Mr. Stille in the *Nation* of April 12 brings up an argument for the double standard of morals in men and women which is often urged, with a great appearance of justice, namely, that when a married woman introduces her child by adultery into her husband's family, "the wrong done to the husband is immensely greater than that done to the wife" by the husband's adultery. In Anglo-Saxon times the father, by symbolic forms, could acknowledge his natural child, and give him a place and protection within his household; to-day the husband may, and often does, support a separate establishment out of his property (which justly belongs to his lawful family as much as to himself), and thus wrong his legal wife fully as much as she can wrong him, except as to inheritance—and even as to that, as the husband is sole master of the property, under the laws of most States, he can make gifts to his unlawful family during his lifetime amounting to as much as or more than the estate he leaves at death to his lawful wife and her children. Only in the case of entailed property and titles is there any justice whatever in this argument. But even if sound logically, it rests on an outworn financial conception of the family and of the reasons for sexual morality.

These reasons are the same for both sexes—self-respect, and a refined ideal of love and of the self-controlled life, and, perhaps most important from a sociological standpoint, the pernicious effect of social indulgence in either parent upon the offspring. It is because women are becoming aware of the right of every child to be well born that books like Helen Gardiner's and Mme. Sarah Grand's, exaggerated as they may be, have met such a heartfelt response of welcome.

As to the breach-of-promise case, if there had been women on the jury, would Col. Phil Thompson have made his infamous appeal to low masculine prejudices?

Florence Griswold Buckstoff.

Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

GREEN BAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. Butler of Madison, Wis., only the other day drew my attention to the name "B. Verte" as appearing on the Hennepin map of 1697 (in *Nation*, *ante*, p. 289) as facsimiled in vol. iv., p. 251, of my "America." I had never noticed it before, and find, by referring to the original map from which the facsimile was made, that the words "B. Verte," "Michigan," "ou Pepin," and some other minor changes are made in old manuscript in the map, which came from Paris to Harvard College Library over fifty years ago; and I should say that the writing had then been on the map a long time. It would have been well if my note to the map had called attention to these additions. As it happens, the "B. Verte" is the only addition in the facsimile that does not carry its own evidence of being done with the pen. Justin Winsor.

CLAYPOLE AND CROMWELL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent S. T. A., quoting from a letter of Benjamin Franklin's, in which Franklin announces the death of George Claypole, and states that he was "a descendant of Oliver Cromwell," asks whether any reader can say if the George Claypole referred to was a descendant of the Protector.

He was not. Mark Noble, author of the great book 'Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell' (1787), which is, some few errors excepted, final authority on the birth and death records of the Cromwell family, and James Waylen, author of 'The House of Cromwell' (1891), a good book, though badly arranged, enable me to give the facts as follows: Elizabeth Cromwell, the Protector's daughter, born 1629, was married to John Claypole in 1646. Three sons and one daughter were born to them: I. Cromwell Claypole, born about 1647. He died unmarried in 1678. His possessions were left to his cousin, as there was no surviving brother or sister, but only a half-sister, from Claypole. II. Henry, died unmarried. III. Oliver, died in childhood. IV. Martha, died young and unmarried.

It will be seen that this branch of the Protector's family became extinct with the death of Cromwell Claypole in 1678. Waylen says: "True it is that ever and anon persons of the name of Claypoole or Claypole are found cropping up to claim descent through that channel,

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But descent from John Claypoole is not enough, since he married a second time. Claypooles inheriting the blood of Cromwell through the Lady Elizabeth are no longer in existence."

Very respectfully, S. H. C.

PITTSBURGH, PA., April 21, 1894.

Notes.

THE title of Mr. Andrew Lang's new book which Longmans, Green & Co. will publish shortly is 'The Cock-Lane Ghost and Common Sense.' In it the author applies to the ghost stories of the past the method which gave value to his study of folk-lore and myth.

Macmillan & Co. have in press 'Architect, Owner, and Builder before the Law,' by T. M. Clark, Fellow of the American Institute of Architects.

Count L. N. Tolstoi, in a recent interview with a Russian journalist, gave some information as to a new book which he has in hand. It will treat of, or at least is based upon, the late Franco-Russian fêtes at Paris and Toulon. Tolstoi will develop in it his well-known views of the incompatibility of Christianity with patriotism, and will point out, not for the first time, how "the peoples, in spite of frontiers and of diversity of manners and intelligence and language, draw towards each other, moved by an instinctive love." Hence his hope, and even his sure belief, in the speedy coming of a new era of peace and love, which is predestined to succeed our age of hatred and war. One cannot help regretting that he has no firmer basis for his visions than is afforded by the hollow-sounding demonstrations at Paris and Toulon.

The thirty-eighth volume of Sidney Lee's 'Dictionary of National Biography' (Macmillan) carries the great work on from Milman to More. General Monck, Simon of Montfort, Sir Thomas More, and Milton are among the longer articles, the last from the pen of Leslie Stephen, whose literary criticism is incidental and avoids a summing up. To Mr. Stephen's temperate hand fall also Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Hannah More; the sketch of Tom Moore is by another writer. One has often to admire in this Dictionary the frank dealing allowed, and we may cite an example in the present volume, where, under Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes), it is faithfully but moderately recorded that "he had many fine tastes and some coarse ones." John Mitchel's pro-slavery career in this country is not blinked, though the unctuousness he gave to his devotion to the peculiar institution goes unexpressed. He paid for it in the sacrifice of two of his sons and the maiming of a third as Confederate soldiers. The Rev. Jonathan Mitchel, a new England worthy, and Gen. Montgomery are the chief American names in this volume.

A recent noteworthy addition to the "Ex-Libris" series, printed at the Chiswick Press, London, for George Bell & Sons, is "The Little Passion" of Albert Dürer. Of this masterly sequence of thirty-seven woodcuts, 5 inches by 3⅞, executed in the years 1509–1510 in the famous house by the Thiergärtner Thor at Nuremberg, there have been several English editions, but all have been incomplete in some particular. The present edition is printed from stereotypes of the original blocks, the majority of which have, after many vicissitudes, found a resting-place in the British Museum. It repeats, as nearly as possible, Dürer's own edition of 1511, which was dedicated to his friend Pirckheimer, and sold to his fortunate contemporaries for the modest sum of a quarter of a florin. The metrical Latin commentary, written at Dürer's request by a Benedictine monk named Chelidonius, for the edition of 1511, accompanies the cuts here also. The latter, however, tell their story to the eye without need of aid from the letter-press. The volume is preceded by an introduction from Mr. Austin Dobson, and is uniform with another interesting reprint in the same series, Holbein's "Dance of Death," also with an introduction from the same indefatigable pen.

With neither pretence nor attainment of literary skill, Mrs. Ellen M. Firebaugh represents in 'The Physician's Wife' (Philadelphia: F. A. Davis Co.) the life of one in an Illinois village. There the physician himself is habitually addressed by his patients and fellow-citizens as "Doc."; the social atmosphere is leaden and the social scenery gloomy. The practice of medicine under the conditions described is not attractive; the woman who watches and waits as is here told, deserves the sympathy she does not ask for, and, were there any doubt of all this, the forty-odd sketches from life that illustrate the narrative would make it plain.

The persistence of the scarlet-fever cause and its power for evil is not sufficiently recognized. Houses, particularly in cities, once infected, are liable to give the disease to successive tenants, and to be infected by them in turn. Clothing stored for thirty-five years has spread infection at the end of that time. Infection is carried by letters, and it may be borne at least a mile by a steady wind. Since scarlet fever is very dangerous to life, frequently inflicts grave disabilities short of death, and is distinctly an unnecessary disease, it would appear that our health boards might lay more stress upon sanitary education regarding it. As the scourge of childhood particularly, it is brought to mind by the great volume of 'The American Text-Book of Diseases of Children,' edited by Dr. Louis Starr (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders), whose 1,200 pages are appalling in their display of the pitfalls that beset the beginnings of the path of life. The book is a serious professional, not popular, work, wherein sixty-odd contributors present the current practice of advanced teachers and practitioners.

After Shelley and after Burns the least likely British author to have a French biographer is surely the writer of the Peter Plymley letters, yet M. A. Chevrillon has just published 'Sydney Smith et la renaissance des idées libérales en Angleterre au xix^e siècle' (Paris: Hachette; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer). It is true that the book is a study rather of the development of British institutions during the middle of this century than a critical study of Sydney Smith as a man of letters; still, its publication is significant of the awakening interest of the French in other nationalities—an interest which has obviously expanded tenfold in the past twenty years.

The Hubbard Publishing Co., Philadelphia, send us several parts ("portfolios") of 'Picturesque Hawaii,' of which there will be eight in all. Ex-Minister Stevens and Prof. W. B. Oleson of Honolulu are responsible for the text, which makes no literary pretensions, though it has an undisguised political aim, viz., to further annexation. The best feature of this publication is the plates of scenery and population, with portraits of the senior editor, of the late Capt. Wiltse, of the ex-Queen, of President Dole, etc. These should interest anybody.

A firm which contributed from its own list a full tenth of the model library of 5,000 volumes exhibited by the American Library Association at Chicago last summer, might well think it worth while to publish a special catalogue apart from that issued under the auspices of the Bureau of Education. This is what Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have done in their 'Descriptive List, etc.,' a neatly printed pamphlet of 78 pages, in which the 548 titles are classified and supplied with brief critical notices or descriptive annotations which will be helpful to purchasers.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres has just instituted a new publication, entitled "Monuments et Mémoires publiés par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres." It will consist of a series of fascicules of irregular periodicity in which will appear interesting documents and plates, hitherto unpublished, relating to antiquity and the Middle Age. The funds for this publication are supplied, at least in part, by a legacy which the Academy received from the estate of M. Eugène Piot, who died in 1889. This falls in very luckily, as France, since the disappearance of the *Gazette Archéologique*, has been rather behind her neighbors in the development of archæological studies. In the list of contributors to the first number of the "Monuments" the names of MM. Heuzey, Maspero, Héron de Villefosse, and other scholars of high repute are to be noted. The plates accompanying the text are also noteworthy.

An important announcement comes from Germany that after October next the well-known *Philosophische Monatshefte*, now edited by Prof. Natorp of Marburg, will become a quarterly with the title, *Archiv für Systematische Philosophie*. The new *Archiv* and the existing *Archiv für die Geschichte der Philosophie*, edited by Prof. Stein of Berne, will be under one management, and together will be known as *Archiv für Philosophie*. The newly named journal will devote particular attention to the systematic review of new philosophical literature. How well this important work will be done may be judged from the following list of names: Theory of knowledge, Prof. Natorp; metaphysics, Prof. Eucken of Jena; psychology, Prof. Benno Erdmann of Halle; logic, Prof. Riehl of Freiburg i. B.; ethics, Prof. Jodl of Prague; sociology, Prof. Tönnies of Kiel; philosophy of law, Prof. Stammler of Halle; æsthetics, Prof. Lipps of Munich; philosophy of religion, Prof. Baur of Münsingen; pedagogics, Prof. Ziegler of Strassburg.

The *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography* concludes with the April number its first volume, which is provided with an index. The frontispiece shows the war residence of Gen. Lee, now the home of the Virginia Historical Society, whose activity is highly to be commended. The *Magazine* has established itself in the front rank of similar periodicals in this country.

The second number of the Bulletin of the Geographical Club of Philadelphia contains an account of a journey to the Grand Falls of Labrador by Henry G. Bryant. These are situated about two hundred and twenty miles from the mouth of the Grand River on the southern edge of the great central plateau. Few incidents marked the ascent of the river, and the falls were reached on September 2, 1891, a month after the departure from the coast. Accurate measurements were taken showing them to be 316 feet high by 150 broad. The country about was exceedingly desolate, and the explorers sought in vain for "some sign of the presence of bird or animal." Occa-

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sionally dwarf firs or stunted pines were to be seen, but the great table-land seemed to be nearly treeless, its scant soil being covered with "caribou moss, Labrador tea plants, blueberry bushes, and thousands of boulders." The travellers were agreeably disappointed in the temperature, which "during the day was found to be delightful—just cool enough to be stimulating; while the average minimum temperature registered during the forty-one nights of the journey was ascertained to be but forty-two degrees Fahrenheit." There are several interesting illustrations and two maps, and in an appendix some of the scientific results of the expedition are given. We may add that Mr. Bryant's narrative of the places passed on August 8 and 9 does not tally exactly either with the map of the river or the table of meteorological notes.

The article on Australia, with which the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for April opens, is by Miss Flora L. Shaw, the special correspondent of the London *Times*. It is chiefly devoted to discussing, in her characteristically clear and incisive way, the fundamental questions of land and labor. The great lesson which the Australian workman has learned from the labor struggle that preceded the financial crisis is the necessity of substituting coöperation for competition under the guidance of their leaders, who now say, "Strikes are useless; we must take up land on our own account and enjoy the fruit of our own labor." The men who have hitherto crowded the labor market and lowered wages by competition with each other, "now propose to coöperate, and, by putting their labor together upon land of their own, look forward to securing for themselves the whole profit of their exertions." The Government, aware that the wealth of the country is in its land, are enabled, by recent acts, to aid actual settlers by money loans secured by mortgages on the land. An interesting account is given of the manner in which the mallee country of Victoria, consisting of some eleven millions of acres, is being rapidly converted into wheat fields. This is done principally by means of the "mallee-roller," which, drawn by twelve or sixteen oxen, rolls down the low-growing scrub and snaps the slight trunks off at the roots, and the "stump-jumping plough," which ploughs without the necessity of removing the stumps from the ground. An encouraging sign, both in the grain country in the south and in the sugar districts of the north, is that the demand is "for the multiplication of small holdings rather than for the maintenance of large estates." Mr. A. S. White describes, mainly by statistics, the situation in Algeria, illustrating his paper by a series of beautiful maps, historical and physical. He emphasizes the fact that, notwithstanding the length of time since the supposed pacification of the country, "a profound gulf separates the natives from the Europeans," and that the former "still hate the European intruder as much as they dare."

We have received a prospectus of the Summer Parliament of Religions to be held for the first time at Long Beach, L. I., by the Long Beach Association, which has acquired the well-known hotel and outlying cottages, and proposes to make a resort "combining many of the best features of Ocean Grove and Chautauqua." The first week, July 8-14, will be one of "literary and musical entertainment."

—The new British quarterly, *Bibliographica* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), begins bravely, and its first number is most appetizing. In choice of paper, in size and proportion of page, in selection of type, in appropriate initials and tail-pieces, in ink and press-work, the new review is all that a magazine should be that appeals to those who love books as books and for their mechanical merits quite as much as their spiritual virtues. One of the papers is printed in French, namely, that on "La Bibliophilie Moderne," by M. Octave Uzanne, who again sets forth his views on the forthcoming revolution in bookmaking for the little knot of book-lovers. Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a carelessly readable essay on "Names and Notes in Books," written in his characteristic rambling and piquant manner. And, for the rest, the contributions are largely technical, although revealing a higher average of literary merit than merely technical bibliophilistic writing usually has. There are papers on "A Copy of Celsus from the Library of Grolier" (with a reproduction in colors of the cover), on "Christina of Sweden and her Books," on "The Accipies Woodcut," and on "The Books of Hours of Geoffroy Tory" (from the competent pen of Mr. A. W. Pollard). Add to these an acute review of M. Thoinan's recent "Relieurs Français," by Miss S. T. Prideaux—who does not, however, seem to have fallen in with M. Bosquet's adverse criticism of M. Thoinan's labors. As has already been noted, *Bibliographica* is self-limited to three years of life, during which period it will publish papers by Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. William Morris, Dr. Garnett, M. Béraldi, and Mr. Tedder—all experts in different departments of book-craft.

—Miss Claypole's paper on the "Action of Leucocytes towards Foreign Substances," which received the first prize of the American Microscopical Society for original work in histology, is reprinted in part in the *American Naturalist* for April. The experiments described go to show that the function of the white corpuscles of the blood as devourers of injurious foreign substances, which they eliminate by becoming themselves thrown off from the organism as waste products, has not been exaggerated by Metshnikoff and his adherents. These experiments were made upon healthy animals which were kept in purely normal conditions. The mud-puppy and the hell-bender were the animals chosen, on account of the large size of their white corpuscles; and lamp-black mixed with a solution of gum arabic was introduced into the abdominal cavity. In the mud-puppy, which breathes by gills, the progress of the taking up of the carbon grains by the leucocytes could be watched from day to day by examining with the microscope the blood as it passed through the gill filaments. At the end of about ten days, when the animal was killed and its different organs carefully examined, it was found that no free carbon remained in any part of the body; the only cells which contained carbon were the leucocytes, except in the spleen, where the true splenic cells also contained it. The carbon-laden leucocytes were found in large numbers on the surface of the stomach, the lungs, and the skin, and in the excretory organs, as well as in the blood-vessels. This last result throws light on the vexed problem of what becomes of the white corpuscles which are constantly being poured into the blood from the lymphatics; it would seem to be beyond question that they act as true scavengers, and sacrifice themselves in the interest of the organism as a whole.

—No so intimate a revelation of the inmost soul of Balzac has ever been made as is shown in the letters of his which have been recently appearing in the *Revue de Paris*. They were written to Mme. Hanska, with whom (as hardly needs to be said) he was long in love, and whom, years afterwards, he married. All the letters of his that we have had before, those to his sister and to his friends, are, in comparison with these, perfunctory and distant. In these he simply pours his whole self out—not only his state of soul, which makes a precious "document humain," but also multitudinous details of his daily life and work, which, mingled as they are with many critical appreciations of his own books, combine to make a most valuable historical and literary document also. New light is thrown on several points in Balzac's life which have hitherto been obscure. For instance, it has never been known, until now, under what circumstances he first became acquainted with Mme. Hanska. It has been supposed that they met by chance in Switzerland in the fall of 1833. But now it appears that, at that time, they had been in correspondence for almost two years. Mme. Hanska, a clever and sympathetic young woman, who had been moved to enthusiasm by the 'Scènes de la Vie Privée,' was much disturbed by the turn which the mind of the author took in the 'Peau de Chagrin,' and addressed a letter to him through his publisher, which he received on February 28, 1832. Other letters followed, all with the signature "L'Étrangère," and for a while he was asked merely to acknowledge their receipt by a newspaper advertisement. By January, 1833, the two were in full correspondence. Balzac's first letter shows plainly that the *Étrangère* had made an impression upon his fancy, at the least, and also, probably, upon his feelings. It happened to be a favorable moment—an opportunity to catch his heart on the rebound, perhaps—and in a very brief space of time he was as simply and romantically in love, though he was then thirty-three, as any youngster ever was. The fact of this romantic attachment appears, at least to one critic, to be proof positive that Balzac must no longer be classed, as an artist, among the realists. It is not quite positive proof, and Mr. Frederick Wedmore seems somewhat hasty in his exulting. Writers cannot be so definitely classed and labelled as fossils are in a museum, and, even if they could be, it would seem to be a very odd conclusion to come to, that, because an author preferred a somewhat dry and literal artistic method, he could not in actual life ever have seen visions or dreamed dreams.

—As in the run of kindred works, there is no little surplusage in Mr. Jesse Salisbury's 'Glossary of Words and Phrases used in S. E. Worcestershire.' Still, it will be found to contribute materials not to be overlooked when that shall be done for dialectal English which Dr. Murray and Mr. Bradley are doing for the English of general literature. Interesting are such survivals as those now instanced in *acold*, 'cold,' *agate*, 'going on,' *anant*, 'opposite,' *bottom* (of yarn), *brim*, 'a boar,' *bursten-bellied*, 'ruptured,' *disgest*, 'digest,' *dout* (do out), 'extinguish,' *flannin*, 'flannel,' *gawn*, 'a gallon-measure,' *inchmeal* (like *piecemeal*), *most an end*, 'almost,' *opiniated*, 'opinionated,' *pun*, 'to pound,' *starven*, 'starved,' *stomachful*, 'obstinate,' *tind*, 'to kindle,' *trusten*, 'to trust,' *unked*, 'lonely,' *urchin*, 'a hedgehog,' and *yat*, 'a gate,' with the archaic pronunciations *faut*, 'fault,' and *goold*, 'gold.' Noteworthy, too, are the abstract forms *feelth*, *swelth*, and *warmship*. In *naight* (*ait* or *eyot*), *naint* (aunt), *nalls*,

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'belongings,' *noaf*, *noration*, and *nuncle*, the *n* of the indefinite article *an* is prefixed; in *score*, 'core,' and *scrawl*, 'crawl,' as in the Suffolk *snotch*, 'notch,' the initial *s* is unetymological; while, with a letter dropped, *anointed*, becomes *nineted*, 'notoriously bad,' and *elections* becomes *lections*, 'probabilities.' Quaintness is seen in *book of hard names*, 'an account-book,' *oos-bird* (whose bird?), 'an illegitimate child,' *two folks*, 'at variance,' *scowl o' brow*, 'judgment by the eye, not by actual measurement'; heartlessly perverted humor, in saying that a man has *shut his knife*, or *stuck his spoon in the wall*, for 'died'; and what is equally detestable, in *louse-kiver*, 'hat,' 'cap,' and *louse-pasture*, 'scalp.' As in East Anglia, to go no further, so in S. E. Worcestershire, we meet with *to pass the bell for*, 'to toll the passing-bell for,' *skep*, 'a basket,' *tempest*, 'a thunderstorm,' *terrify*, 'to torment,' and *whinnock*, 'to whine.' Among provincialisms current in the same quarter with these, which have been more or less naturalized in the United States, are *biddy*, 'a fowl,' *I'll be darned*, *heft*, 'weight,' *nation*, 'very,' 'very much,' *as odd as Dick's hatband*, *peart*, *get shut of*, *sliver*, *to play tag*, and *yarb*, 'herb.' There remains to mention, in this connexion, but certainly as a mere accidental coincidence, the substantive *nast*, a back formation from *nasty*, like the Scotchy *greed* from *greedy*, Dr. Thomas Fuller's verb *pillor* from *pillory*, our housewives' *jell* from *jelly*, and the new-fangled *burgle*, from *burglar*. The 'Glossary' here noticed is published by T. Salisbury, 48 Fleet Lane, London.

—Wiltshire is not very remote from Worcestershire, but in the glossary of 'Wiltshire Words' just issued by the English Dialect Society (London: Henry Frowde) only one of the peculiar locutions above cited is to be found, viz., *unked*. This word is, perhaps generally, aspirated in Wilts, and gives the editors occasion to remark that the cockney misplacing of *h* is a recent and acquired habit, due to "the spread of education and the increased facilities of communication" with the source of corruption—what in Surrey they call "in the smoke," *i. e.*, London. *Sinful-ordinary* is applied in Wilts to a homely person; a lover goes "a *rumsy-voosing* down the lane to meet his sweetheart" by French appointment; a laborer absents himself from church because he has nothing but his *dishabille*, or working clothes, to wear, whereas, in the more poetic dialect of Surrey, a neglected churchyard is "all in *dishbill*." In Wilts, again, a woman in confinement "bin an' fell about laas' night"; in Surrey, her labor pains are called "increasement"; and in Northumberland (for we have a third glossary from the Dialect Society) the lying-in is called a "groanin" or a "cryin-oot." Surrey should be the native country of Mrs. Malaprop, as appears from Mr. Leveson Gower's amusing instances, "*domesticate* [masticate] his food," "*putrefied* [petrified] with cold," *dispensaria* for dyspepsia, "warming *apparition* [apparatus]." And parallel with these is *comical*, 'capricious,' 'uncertain,' applied to the weather. A *harmless* price between buyer and seller is one fair to both parties. A "*one-eyed* place" is an out-of-the-way, neglected spot. "Too big for my fireplace" is 'beyond my means.' In Surrey, as on the Sea Islands of Carolina and Georgia, to inform is to "make sensible" (*sensibble*, as stressed by the blacks). The Northumberland glossary takes us to Bewick's country, shows us the *hippin-stones* across a stream he was so fond of depicting in his vignettes, and teaches us to pronounce the Eltringham and Ovingham of his Memoirs with a soft *g*, and the Chillingham associated with his masterpiece of the Bull with a hard *g*.

—Of the prospects of the Dialect Dictionary to which we have alluded, something may be learned in the seventeenth report (for 1890-'92) of the Dialect Society prefixed to the 'Northumberland Words.' To begin with the Society itself, it had prepared its euthanasia in 1892, but was convinced that its work was by no means at an end, and concluded to remove its headquarters from Manchester to Oxford, thus bringing it in contact with the great Dictionary of the Philological Society, already well advanced. A natural change of officers makes the Rev. A. L. Mayhew, one of the soundest philologers, honorary secretary and literary director. The Society's library, however, numbering nearly a thousand volumes, remains at Manchester, and the librarian "reports that the volumes have been well used by the readers for the projected English Dialect Dictionary." At the Society's annual meeting on June 12, 1893, the last to be held at Manchester, Mr. Crofton "hoped at Oxford a crown would be put upon their work by the publication of the Dialect Dictionary, which was the principal object in starting the Society, and which was proceeding slowly but satisfactorily." "Few printing clubs," we read, "have received more loyal and generous support," under difficulties and disappointments. In twenty years the Society has spent £4,029 in printing sixty-seven books, two catalogues, and sixteen annual reports, and something more than £1,000 for carriage, postage, and commissions. "The whole of the remaining expenses of management have been covered by an expenditure of about £10 a year." Sales to outsiders have furnished a considerable income.

LANG'S HOMER AND THE EPIC.

Homer and the Epic. By Andrew Lang, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

Mr. Lang's book is a real and important contribution to the Homeric question. The poets, from Goethe to Matthew Arnold, have often already pronounced their verdict in favor of one Homer as against a group or series of casual minstrels; but they have not given a reason for the faith that is in them. Mr. Lang takes the side of the poets, and furnishes them thoroughly with the reasons which they have never condescended to give. He offers here, in fact, the most complete and masterly discussion of the literary evidence in the case that has yet been presented; he does this, moreover, with a thorough understanding of the arguments commonly urged by scholars of the Wolfian school. The outcome of his work, although not decisive for the "unitarians," is an illumination of the whole question, and a satisfactory brushing aside of many cobwebs spun in the brains of learned criticasters. Of these Mr. Lang says, with an irreverence which is partly justified:

"It has been said that no man can criticise a novel fairly who has read it, not for pleasure, but with the set purpose of reviewing it. Much more is this true in Homeric criticism. They who pry into the inconsistencies of this or that passage, they who actually have a professional motive, and a name among the learned to win by discovering a slip or blunder, are as remote as mortals can be from the position of Homer's original hearers. For them, for warriors, he sang; not for spectacled young German critics on their promotion."

To the ordinary unsuspecting reader the 'Odyssey' is a delightful romance of adventure and fairy legend designed, woven, and completed by the same master mind. Its episodes as well as its continuous narrative, its story of Telemachus, its wheel within wheel of adventure, he finds equally agreeable, consistent, and artistically wrought to a thrilling climax. This was remarked by Grote, and this impression of the reader is rather confirmed by the slight results of the criticism of Kirchoff and of Wilamowitz, who profess to disengage the 'Odyssey' into its elements, and to ascribe it to various authors of various dates. They show you that if you take out the mortar and strike out the joints, the structure falls to pieces. Mr. Lang replies that all large poems, such as 'Paradise Lost' or 'Marmion' or 'Don Juan,' must have mortar and joints. They are not the results, like a lyric poem, of a single breath of inspiration. The vice of the Kirchoff-Wilamowitz criticism of the 'Odyssey' is that it presupposes a more rigid plan, more rigidly carried out, than we find in modern long poems, or even in modern novels. It assumes, too, a modern critical audience, and allows nothing for slight developments and alterations of the plan as it works out in the author's mind. It allows nothing for mortar and fitting and joints. These critics are ready to dislodge and dislocate and transpose large portions of the narrative, and to assume various poets and redactors, because of discrepancies so slight as the following. In book 16, Odysseus plots with Telemachus to remove the armor from the palace hall out of reach of the suitors, but to reserve for their own use two swords, two spears, and two shields of oxhide to be used when need comes. He expects, also, that the suitors will inquire for the armor, and he places an answer in his son's mouth. As a matter of fact, in the 22d book, this scheme is fully carried out, except that the suitors ask no questions, and that the shields for the use of Odysseus and his son are not reserved. But what are such trifles compared with the real defects of plan which Scott himself confesses and explains in the 'Lady of the Lake'? The German criticism could be used to prove that 'Marmion' was composed of a number of lays by the help of various botchers, imitators, and redactors; moreover, both the critics we have mentioned are quite ready to ascribe to the "botcher" or "redactor" some of the sublimest touches, and to assume that these various hands equally commanded the grand style.

Another canon of this school of criticism is that the recurrence of lines, either identically or with slight modifications, gives ground for suspecting that one of the passages is the original and the other borrowed by a later imitator or botcher. The work of the so-called botcher may be beautiful, may be in the grand style; but, just the same, he is assumed to have stolen from the older master. To this Mr. Lang replies that repetition is a note of all the earlier poetry—of the 'Kalewala,' of the 'Song of Roland,' of the Celtic Sagas. The minstrel in each of these has a formula for all recurring events; as, mooring ships, setting banquets, retiring to bed, etc., which he repeats verbatim; he repeats also textually all messages and speeches. This economy of expression is used by Homer as by his brethren of the craft; it goes so far that he hardly ever uses a fresh mode of stating a fact if he can repeat a formula. It is a habit peculiar to this period in the development of the epic—a habit as restful to the minstrel as it is fascinating to his simple-minded audience.

In matters of this kind, demonstration, as Mr. Lang says, is impossible. The literary

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critics of the nicest and surest taste are satisfied of the unity of the 'Odyssey'; certain others, microscopically examining, see in it a patchwork of various hands and dates. With them "organic unity, general harmony of design, leading up to a predetermined conclusion," do not weigh—are apparently not perceived. Such critics could certainly, on their own principles, analyze and resolve 'Ivanhoe' into an earlier "kernel," with later accretions and transformations wrought by various hands, "the group of Rebecca and Isaac of York being interwoven with the older story, as late as the end of the nineteenth century, when the sufferings of the Jews in Russia were notorious." It would not be difficult to try one's fancy and ingenuity in like manner in assigning the 'Paradise Lost' to a great poet with a gift for the sublime and for expressing the charm of "bowery loveliness," redacted by a theologian and a domestic prig.

Such critics assume that the Greek epic is not the creation of a poet, but is an accretion of short preëxisting lays, so loosely thrown together that they can detect the joinings. Against this theory Comparetti, the Italian editor of the 'Kalewala,' declares himself in an opinion which ought to have great force because of his sane literary judgment, his breadth of view, his learning, and his special experience. Comparetti edited the 'Kalewala,' which is known to have been strung together by a "redactor" in precisely the method which the German critics claim for the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' The redactor in this case was Lönnrot, an enthusiastic poet and scholar, who in 1830 set himself to the task of collecting and dovetailing the Finnish songs in the manner which Wolf ascribes to Pisistratus. The result is the 'Kalewala,' a very different congeries from the 'Iliad' or the 'Odyssey.' The details of these differences Mr. Lang sums up; the important distinction between the poems is that emphasized by Comparetti. The 'Kalewala' has no organic unity; although it contains beautiful poetry, it is marked by the ballad style. Comparetti therefore declares that the mark of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' is the fusion of popular tales and poems into a higher unity by the creative action of a master poetic mind. It is not a synthesis—it is a new creation, with a new and loftier style of its own. This is the conclusion of an editor who sums up the result of minute editorial labors, while retaining a sound literary judgment. Let any one glance at the 'Mahâbhârata,' and see what formless chaos, what a wilderness and a jungle, can arise from a nucleus surrounded by an accretion of floating popular poems.

There is no doubt, to the mind of any sensitive literary critic, of the value of this canon of Comparetti's. The 'Odyssey,' on the whole, stands this test admirably. Can the 'Iliad' do the same? There is a great difference between inconsistencies which are invisible to the naked eye and inconsistencies that fly in one's face. Those of the 'Odyssey' are microscopic or imaginary; those of the 'Iliad' strike any reflective reader at once. Mr. Lang himself abandons the small Æneid in the twentieth book, and a portion of the funeral games in the twenty-third; he makes only a half-hearted defence for the adventures of Dolon and Odysseus in the tenth, and he is willing to admit that the books on fighting from the eleventh to the sixteenth "have not improbably suffered somewhat in the course of the ages." He admits the Odyssean style and phrase of the last two books, but finds them so fitted to close the poem that he includes them with the rest in the 'Iliad' as one epic by one hand. He makes a bold and perhaps successful stand for the Embassy and the Speech of Achilles (book ninth), which, in connection with book sixteenth, Grote and Mr. Leaf and the German critics generally find a stumbling-block of the first magnitude. The obduracy of Achilles, his inexorableness, which will not be appeased, which insists upon revenge for a single woman, "though many a man has accepted ransom for his brother or his father slain," Mr. Lang defends as consonant with his character, as necessary to the evolution of the catastrophe. It is his point of honor, which, in fact, brings on his Nemesis. Prof. Jebb, in his recently published lectures, has a strange remark on this behavior of Achilles: "That his feelings are, in themselves, violent and excessive, results from the effort of poetry, in a simple and vigorous age, to express human nature in its highest intensity: Achilles must be peerless in action; he must be unique also in vehemence of emotion—of anger and of love." This seems to us metaphysical and improbable. We should say rather that this trait results from the fidelity of the poet in painting a character which he had carefully observed and fully conceived in his mind. "We must take Achilles," says Mr. Lang, "as we find him—that is, with the passions of an early age. He is not a Christian. He has a touch of the Maori or the Iroquois. He does not hesitate to break the bruised reed." Yet even here Mr. Lang has misgivings about the presence of Phœnix, with his meandering speech. In general, though he makes very good sport of the detailed attempts of scholars to explain the interpolation and precise relations of the books between the first and the sixteenth, he himself fails to establish the organic consistency of this larger portion of the poem. It remains, as Mr. Leaf remarks, an unexampled digression, admirable in many of its details, but marring the unity of the narrative.

As to the personality of Homer, Mr. Lang favors the hypothesis of "one great peerless original poet"; yet he is too good a scholar not to have waverings on this point. He is willing, at times, to concede the 'Odyssey' to another hand, and he admits that a considerable part of the 'Iliad,' as well as the conclusion of the 'Odyssey,' show signs of the intrusion of still other workmanship and other hands. This is a large concession from a "unitarian." We are naturally led to the supposition of a separate poet for the 'Odyssey,' and one for the bulk of the 'Iliad,' plus some others. This is a position different from the heresy of those hewers and hackers who serenely imagine that any "redactor" is capable of deviating into the grand style. Mr. Lang's faith in one "great peerless original poet" seems to us improbable and unwarranted by the facts of history in the epochs which we know. It is very unlikely that an age which produced the 'Iliad' should not have produced more than one remarkable poet. It is not reasonable to imagine for the heroic period and the art of Mycenæ a dark background illuminated by one sole preternatural minstrel. At no period that we know of has genius flowered singly. To confine ourselves to Greece alone, Archilochus is followed within a century by Sappho and Alcæus, Simonides is not badly matched with Pindar, and then we have, in rapid succession, Aeschylus and Sophocles and Euripides. Is it likely that there were no such groups or successions among the minstrels of the heroic period? Suppose the three great dramatic poets of Athens born out of due time and relegated to some century which produced the Vapheio cups for the art of Mycenæ. They would all have written epic poetry—each would have been capable of the grand style; Euripides might at any rate have deviated into it. We might thus provide for our nucleus of the 'Iliad,' for the 'Odyssey,' and for any additions to the 'Iliad' which the popularity of an Achilleid and of the tale of Troy might demand.

Mr. Lang thinks the love of fame and the natural jealousy of the "genus irritabile vatum" would secure the title and the property of each bard against usurpation and confusion. But at this early date, how is the bard, even supposing his poem is written, to protect himself and his property after his death? How is any successor to protect his own individual name and rights—particularly when we reflect that it was the fashion to call upon the minstrel for separate lays or episodes, such as the tale of the wooden horse? Is it probable that a poem written in the eleventh century A. C., and enlarged by a minstrel living within a hundred years of that date—a poem known only from recitation and sometimes recited in portions—could preserve securely the tradition of its joint authorship and the record of the precise original ownership and partitions in the property? The Brahmins could accomplish such a feat of transmission by the continuity of their order, and by the aid of anathemas and religious sanctions; but the so-called Homeridæ and the rhapsodes were more likely to be innovating than conservative, and, indeed, Mr. Lang puts very little faith in the legend of their existence.

Again, as to style. It is quite true that one poetic star differs from another in glory; that we do not easily confound Shakspere with Marlowe, nor the manner of the "Agamemnon" with that of the "Antigone" or the "Medea." Yet there is the "Rhesus," which has been assigned by various critics to Euripides, to Sophocles, or again to an imitator of Sophocles and Æschylus. How easy would it be for a similar mystification to insinuate itself into the loose-jointed 'Iliad,' which does, in fact, present some decided inequalities of style.

In closing, we should remark that although Mr. Lang disclaims the attitude of a philologian or a profound Grecian, yet there are some fields in which he is more at home than the most learned philologists. In questions of folk-lore and early myths and customs, he writes with the familiarity of an expert, and sheds an unexpected light on many controverted points. His introductory chapter on "Homer's place in literature" is a delightful piece of enthusiasm, which makes one ashamed to confess any infidel scruples as to the one supreme and indivisible poet. It warms one's heart, in these utilitarian days, to hear Mr. Lang chant his pæan in praise of Homer. He is a devotee who knows whereof he sings. If any one asks—if some president of one of our universities, for instance, should ask—what is Homer to us that we should read him, or read about him and the obsolete questions of his age? Mr. Lang, replying, takes fearlessly the highest ground, from which it will be an awkward matter to dislodge him. "To forget Homer, to cease to be concerned and even curious about Homer, is to make a fatal step towards a new barbarism. Mankind exists, or should exist, not to live only, but, as Aristotle defines it, to live nobly. A noble and enjoyable life demands an imaginative participation in all that the human race has done, or said, or thought, which is excellent." There is something inspiring in the sound of these words; they ought to be repeated again

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and again to that new type of person we are developing in our technical schools—that strange creature which, like the weasel, trains its eye to follow steadily and unweariedly, looking neither to the right nor to the left, the narrow gilded track that leads to wealth, or at any rate to bread and butter.

CAJORI'S HISTORY OF MATHEMATICS.

A History of Mathematics. By Florian Cajori. Macmillan & Co. 1894.

A BRIEF sketch of the course of human activity in a way that has been of more avail than many a more showy trade in moulding men's daily lives and sentiments into what they are to-day, this book will attract the attention of every youthful student of any mathematical science or of engineering. For any man in such a line, who has the ambition to be more than the merest specialist, needs to be familiar with as much of the history of mathematics as can be crammed into one moderate volume. Others, students of humanity, to whom nothing can be more interesting and even entertaining than mathematical history, will find profit in this work unless it is too small for their purposes. We noticed a few years ago a volume on the same subject by Walter W. Rouse Ball, entertaining enough, but not a careful nor competent work. That contained perhaps 900,000 words; and the present compendium has, we estimate, about two-thirds of that number. It is too brief, but economizes space pretty severely.

The mathematics of the nineteenth century was treated by Ball not too seriously. His chapter on the subject, sooth to say, had an old-fashioned English flavor, and about as much thoroughness as one would expect in a collection of Lives of Eccentric Personages. Prof. Cajori, on the other hand, treats recent mathematics worthily, giving to it, as was proper, a quarter of his whole space. In this part at least his work is distinctly of a higher grade than Ball's and has evidently cost him original labor. While excessively condensed, as the fair proportions of his whole history required, it fulfils well enough the needs of students before the fascination of a deeper study of the history of thought has drawn them further into its vortex. We will not say an extraordinary, but a satisfactory, degree of discrimination and accuracy marks this section of the work.

Room could be made for this expanded account of the achievements of this century only by an extra turn somewhere upon the hydraulic press with which the rest has been baled. The part which seems to have been chosen to undergo the extremest compression is the period from Descartes to Euler. One cannot but regret this, for in some respects it is the most important period of all; and no other, certainly, calls more for those elucidations of the historian which show the inexperienced student in what the extraordinary advance of different steps in the progress of thought consisted. The main facts are given by Cajori, and often more correctly than by Ball; but there is no room to suggest reflections, and reflections make the worth of history. Take, for example, that truly gigantic reasoner, Fermat. One of his exploits was a method of ascertaining that value of a variable that renders the value of a given function the greatest or least in that vicinity—a method which, in the opinion of some of the greatest judges, constitutes Fermat the author of the differential calculus. Cajori states the matter so very briefly that the young reader will fail to perceive that the method is almost exactly the same as that pursued in the best modern treatises. The following are the steps of the process: (1) to the variable is given an increment which is assumed to be such that the value of the function before the variable is thus increased can be equated to the value after the increase; (2) by development and transposition, the increment is shown to be a factor of the whole equation; (3) the equation is divided by this increment, which will, in general, leave some parts of it independent of the value of the increment and some parts not so; (4) the increment is put equal to zero, and the value of the variable is then deduced. This is open to the objection that if the increment equals zero, we have no right to divide the equation by it. This objection is flanked in modern works by supposing the increment *is not* zero, but diminishes so as to have zero for its limit.

How very clever Fermat's method was is a thing the beginner needs to have pointed out. It was an idea sufficiently clever to change the whole face of the globe, with our daily mode of living and of philosophizing, to such an extent that the Egyptian under Khufu lived and thought more like a sixteenth-century man than the latter like us. For that all modern science has grown out of the germinal idea of the differential calculus we hold to be most surely true. The ἀγεωμέτρητος, as Plato used, it appears, to call the twaddler in thought, may laugh, not seeing how a prolific conception can assume a guise so humble. He would have a great idea essentially warm, picturesque, colored. He refuses to take seriously a pure intellect, whose forms are as applicable to a game of dominoes as to the struggles of world forces. We instance these as examples of the sort of reflection which, whether finally accepted or rejected, a good history of any wide branch of human thought ought to suggest, if not to discuss.

The above was not Fermat's greatest contribution to the art of reasoning. The greatest was the Fermatian inference, characterized by Prof. Cajori as "an inductive method," but that is quite to miss its essential peculiarity. We find Fermat's not publishing his work ascribed to an "uncommunicative disposition"; but this is thoroughly unjust.

We meet reiterated here for the thousandth time that tasteless objection to Pope's monumental couplet on Newton, to the effect that the important steps of discovery do not take the world by surprise, but were led up to so gradually as to be made almost unawares. It is the worst of German taste to criticise such a couplet because it does not accord with profound historical researches, so long as it expressed what seemed to ninety-nine out of a hundred of Newton's contemporaries to be the truth. Moreover, the theory of intellectual development on which the objection proceeds is in silliest conflict with psychology and with history. No doubt a very large part of the progress of science is accomplished by industrious hammering away at plain jobs. But there is a part which cannot so be accomplished. To say no great strides are ever taken is in flat contradiction to the record. It is by no means as yet proved that even biological evolution always advances by almost imperceptible differences. It is a recognized principle of modern biology that the nature of the history of the evolution of the race may be judged from that of the evolution of the individual. Now, besides the daily growth of individuals, we see them passing through wondrous and sudden transformations. Of course, there is no absolute breach of continuity, but for that no man contends.

Be the matter as it may in the natural world, the development of thought being open to study, from both outside and inside, from the world's history and from the individual's experience, men of sense and observation ought by this time to have reached some settlement of opinion on this point; and so, perhaps, they have. Doubtless there are men who are never surprised, but whether the wise count them among their number is not so clear. At any rate, he who attempts to expound the history of science, and à fortiori the history of mathematics, without recognizing that great, startling, and revolutionary discoveries from time to time get made, will have but a wrenched, unjointed, and enfeebled account of it to offer to his readers. We sometimes hear such facts as the knowledge of the intoxicating property of ether before Morton, of a few observations of spectra before Bunsen and Kirchhoff, and the like, put forward to show that no great discoveries are startling. But these instances, if they prove anything, prove just the reverse. They show that, as Whewell said, observations are nothing to a mind unstored with appropriate ideas, and thus emphasize the importance of originality of mind, of which novelty is the product.

Prof. Cajori furnishes a list of one hundred works on the history of mathematics that will be very welcome. These are the works of which he has made use. We notice he has not had the advantage of using Boncampagni's *Bulletino*, nor the *Bibliotheca Mathematica*, as he would have done if he had worked in New York, where it is for the interest of the public that men devoted to the history of mathematics should be stationed. The Astor Library is particularly rich in this direction. We do not find on his list Weissenborn's book on the introduction of the Arabic numerals by Gerbert (1892). We remark, by the way, that one class of events to which some attention might well have been paid is that of the establishment of the several journals of mathematics.

Prof. Cajori's transliteration of Arabic is irregular and puzzling. Speaking of the celebrated algebra of Muhammed ibn Mūsā, the Khivan, he says: "The name of the author, *Hovarezmi*, has passed into *Algoritmi*, from which comes our modern word *algorithm*." The appellation he refers to as the "name of the author" is *al-Khwarizmy*, meaning 'the native of Chorasmia, or Khiva.' He writes *al-jebr* (algebra) in the form "aldshebr," putting *dsh* for the letter *jīm;* but for the native of Khojend, or the Khojendy, he writes *Al Hogendi*, using a soft *g* for the same purpose; and in writing *Abul Gud* and *Abu Gafar Al Hazin* (where "Gafar" is the Ja'afer so familiar in the Arabian Nights) he makes a hard *g* serve. He also writes *Ulug beg* where the English *g* stands in place of a second and a third letter of the Arabic alphabet (the last being the Persian gāf). This cognomen of Muhammed Taraghāy is best written Ulugh Beyg. It means "the great lord." We read: "Creditable work was done by *Fahri des Al Karhi*, who lived at the beginning of the eleventh century." Now, there was an Abū Ghālib at that time, who was surnamed Fakhr al mulk, "glory of the realm." After this high personage, the mathematician Abū-Bekr-Muhammed-ibn-alhusain, called Al-Karkhy, named a book 'Al-Fakhry,' where the final *y* is equivalent to our termination *-ian*. It amounted to a dedication. As for Cajori's "*des*," we can see in it nothing but the German genitive article.

But these are trifling faults. What we have

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a right to expect in such a handbook is an agreeable narrative of the most material events in the history of mathematics, and this Prof. Cajori incontestably supplies. The book was much wanted.

Religion. By G. de Molinari, correspondant de l'Institut, rédacteur en chef du *Journal des Économistes.* From the second (enlarged) edition. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. 1894.

THE "Philosophy at Home" series, to which this book belongs, appears to be a series without an editor and without any definite sympathies. The volume now in hand gets an amusing interest from its translation by a devout English churchman and by its dedication to a Canon of St. Paul's. It is nothing strange to find a churchman sympathizing with an author who is hot for disestablishment, seeing that state control has been abominable to the High Church party from the Oxford Movement until now, but when a churchman can welcome such a Danaan as M. Molinari bringing gifts to the imperilled church, it would seem that either he must consider the situation desperate, or have faint appreciation of the actual contents of the casket he so gratefully receives.

It is true that M. Molinari affirms the reality of religion, and also its necessity to the social order, while for God and immortality he has words of generous appreciation and belief. But it is also true that the general contents of religious systems, ancient and modern, are for him purely fanciful. Generated by popular needs, they are good for their perennial satisfaction, subject to the law of universal change, which must not be too rigorously abetted by the men of light and leading who understand the hollowness of the given cult and dogma. Now there is something inexpressibly funny in the circumstance of a devout churchman assisting at a function of this sort, in the naïve unconsciousness of incongruity with which he sometimes opposes a clerical dictum to M. Molinari's free-and easy rationalistic vein. This sort of thing reaches its climax where the translator explains in a note that he has taken the liberty of writing M. Molinari's sacred names and pronouns referring to the Deity with capital letters, and hopes that he has not by so doing impaired the scientific character of the author's work.

M. Molinari is a political economist, and he is subject to the temptation proper to the enthusiast in any line of work. The geologist who endeavored to explain the pyramids as geological formations was one of many who believe in their own nostrum as a universal panacea. M. Molinari's temptation is to treat religion as a branch of economics, and to account for its origin and changes mainly by economic forces. His book is not therefore valueless. It will be useful as a corrective of other theories, each insisting too much on a particular cause as if it were exclusive of all others. Economic considerations have, no doubt, played an important part in the development of religion, especially in the earlier stages. But the full-grown phenomenon is exceedingly complex, and is to be accounted for only by the operation of many causes. M. Molinari always has "the good of the consumer" in his eye, and he does not think that a cheap religion implies cheap men. The expensiveness of religion has been, he thinks, one of its greatest evils. The cheapness of Christianity, as compared with paganism, did much to recommend it when it was first on trial. That disestablished religion would be much cheaper, is one of many things that recommend it to him; not one of the least.

Such broad and rapid generalizations as M. Molinari's must have many doubtful features, but his have more because of his confidence, so characteristic of the scientific man, in fields where he is least at home. In treating Judaism and Christianity he continually throws back the developed theory upon the initial stages. Those who know how slightly Satan figures in the Old Testament, and that he is nowhere in it identified with the tempting serpent of Eden, will read M. Molinari's pages on the theology of the Old Testament with blank astonishment, nor with less his fastening on the New Testament of dogmas which had no existence before the eleventh century, when Anselm was their begetter. But if M. Molinari knows little of theology, he knows even less of the sceptical temper of the time, if he imagines it will be seriously affected by his arguments for religion, God, and immortality. He has written for the ignorant and the cowardly, and not for men of honest and athletic minds. His terminology is a shifting scale, and while he opposes those who, denying the reality of religion, would maintain it for its police effect, he is practically one of them, seeing that the religion on which he relies as the sanction of morality is not religion in its reality, but religion in its panoply of dogma and superstition which have no reality. He has much to say about the progress of religion, and yet

"The old religions, it may be, are founded on legends, but new ones can but be founded only on guesses, and legends are at least authenticated by tradition and lapse of time. Moreover, the religions and the sects of the world are to be counted by millions [*sic*]. Would it not be but a meagre progress to invent one more?"

From such arguments for the *status quo* religion has, perhaps, much more to fear than from either the dogmatists or iconoclasts. These frequently are both able and sincere, and M. Molinari's book, though not without some soundness and suggestiveness, is neither able nor sincere. Clericalism — the habit of the priestly politician—he cannot abide, and the practical outcome of his book is clericalism pure and simple.

A Year among the Persians. By Edward G. Browne. Macmillan. 1893.

AFTER Curzon's encyclopædic volumes, one wonders at first at the boldness of a new author who so soon offers us nearly six hundred more pages on the same subject. At the end of fifty of them we are not favorably impressed. The introduction strikes us as unnecessary and rather foolish; then we discover that our writer is not only generally diffuse, but also badly addicted to the particular sin of inexperienced travellers, that of telling us each time he was generous to a beggar, or found it hard to sleep, or had melons for lunch. He also mentions the names of his native acquaintances in such profusion that we are totally unable to remember them apart.

However, in spite of these faults, which, after all, are venial, the book has more value than many a more readable one of its sort. The writer knew Persian before he started on his journey, and he consorted with the natives from the beginning. If some of the conversations he repeats are trivial and wearisome, they show far better the real character of the Persians than can the French speeches of a few partly Europeanized officials at the capital or polite messages through an interpreter, which is all that the ordinary traveller can report in the way of intercourse with the inhabitants of an Eastern country. Mr. Browne was not only interested in the people, but evidently willing to meet them on a footing of equality, with little of the reserve and superiority usually maintained by Europeans in their dealings with Orientals. He even went so far in becoming one of them that he came near growing into a confirmed opium-smoker, and, but for his servant, he might never have mustered the energy to leave the country. To be sure, he put up with much familiarity, not to say impertinence, but what he gained was worth it. His Persian friends seem to have talked truthfully and freely and to have been really attached to him—witness their readiness to lend him money. Their sorrow when he departed appears to have been genuine as well as openly expressed:

"'O thou who art buried in this land, . . . why should you leave this place, since you like it so well?'

"'Because,' I replied, 'I must be back at the University of Cambridge early in the autumn. My leave of absence is nearly at an end, and they have summoned me to return.'

"'I spit on the University of Gímbrij' (so he pronounced it), answered the Sheykh; and to such revilings he continued at intervals to give vent throughout the evening."

The book is of particular value to those who, like the author, are interested in religious questions. He devoted himself especially to the sect of the Babis, with many of whose members he had repeated and earnest theological discussions, and about whom he has written in previous works. The splendid courage with which the disciples of this remarkable movement have undergone the severest persecution, and the purity of life of many of them, fill one with admiration. It is possible that they may play an important part some day, as their numbers are said to be increasing (they have been estimated at one-fifth of the population). Curzon in his book has referred to their remarkable success in converting Jews. They represent a reaction against the degeneracy of Persian Mohammedanism, admitting Mohammed as the Mohammedans do Christ, but claiming that he has been superseded by the latest and greatest prophet. Curiously enough, the great majority of them regard the Bab himself (put to death in 1850) as only a John the Baptist, while they accept as their real lord his disciple Beha, who lives at Acre in Syria. The more metaphysical and mystic parts of the creed are by no means easy to get at or understand, so that the great mass of the believers have little or no idea of them. We also catch a glimpse of the Zoroastrians, a feeble, oppressed remnant clinging to a faith that for centuries was that of the whole country, and we note a curious belief among them that Zoroaster was identical with Abraham.

Although 'A Year among the Persians' is but little concerned with political matters, it contains some conclusions on social and economic questions, besides enabling us to draw more for ourselves. The author judges the natives with less severity than most people do who have seen anything of them, and he brings out a number of their good traits. Certainly all virtue cannot be gone out of a land that produces such men as some of the Babis. He has little sympathy with the schemes for introducing Western civilization into the country:

"I think that the jealousy with which the Persian people are prone to regard these railways, tramways, monopolies, concessions, and companies, of which much has been heard lately, is both natural and reasonable. These

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things, so far as they are sources of wealth at all, are so, not to the Persian people, but to the Shah and his ministers on the one hand, and to the European promoters of the scheme on the other. People who reason about them in Europe too often suppose that the interests of the Shah and his subjects are identical, when, in fact, generally they are diametrically opposed."

And again: "It is more irrigation, not railways and factories, that Persia needs to increase her prosperity."

Whatever may or may not be the degeneracy of these people, they are still a highly-gifted race. It is pleasing to learn from a competent judge that, "as far as my experience goes, there is no country where knowledge commands such universal respect as in Persia"; also, "It is the fashion with some scholars to talk as if literary and poetical talent were a thing of the past in Persia. No mistake could possibly be greater. . . . It may confidently be asserted that the present century has presented a group of most distinguished poets, whose works will undoubtedly, when duly transfigured by the touch of antiquity, go to make up 'parcels and portions' of the 'glorious past.'"

If nothing else, these subjects of the Shah are at least eminently quick-witted:

"One is amazed at the ready repartees, brilliant sallies of wit, bon-mots, and 'chaff' which fly about on all sides in a convivial gathering of Persian literary men. . . . Their contempt for the duller Turks is well shown by the following story. 'It is related . . . that once the ass complained to God, saying, "Why hast Thou created me, seeing that Thou hast already created the Turk?" Answer came, "Verily, We have created the Turk in order that the excellency of thine understanding might be apparent."'"

Leadwork, Old and Ornamental, and for the most part English. By W. R. Lethaby. With illustrations. Macmillan & Co. 1893.

It is a little singular that a substance so facile as lead, and so receptive of the refinements of decorative form, should need an advocate in our labor-saving and much decorated day. Yet Viollet-Le-Duc, we believe, had much difficulty in working out the ornamental use of it in France, and Mr. Lethaby's clever book has the air of a special plea. Doubtless its very facility, and the fact that it is such a ready servant of all work, has tended to bring it into contempt, besides that wear quickly robs it of the delicacy of form of which it is peculiarly susceptible. But inasmuch as it is so susceptible, and at once finer and stronger than plaster, freer in working than iron or bronze, and practically imperishable when it is not exposed to wear, one might think that, artists' attention once recalled to it, they would be tempted often to put their own handwork into it. In past times there has been an enormous use of it in every kind of decorative work, from the lucarnes and spires of cathedrals to the equestrian statue of George I. and the figures on Louis XI.'s hatband. England, the great producer of lead, was conspicuous for her use of it, and Mr. Lethaby has accumulated in a small volume a great deal of interesting information about this use. It would be still more interesting but for a resolute division into small categories, that robs the story of some of the attractiveness which is the due of Mr. Lethaby's direct and animated style. The abundant illustrations are serviceable as diagrams, though they often fail to suggest the charm that he finds in the originals.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addyman, F. T. Agricultural Analysis. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.
Astor, J. J. A Journey in Other Worlds: A Romance of the Future. Appletons.
Barrett, Frank. Found Guilty. Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Clark, W. L., jr. Hand-Book of Criminal Law. St. Paul: West Publishing Co.
Dumas, A. Chicot the Jester. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents.
Examination Questions in Drawing. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 25 cents.
Francis, H. R. 'Junius' Revealed. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.
Green, Ralph. Green's Receipt Book. Portsmouth, N. H.: The Author. $1.25.
Harrison, J. E. Greek Vase Paintings. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Century Co. $10.
Iverach, Prof. James. Christianity and Evolution. Whittaker. 75 cents.
Jesse, J. H. Memoirs of King Richard the Third. 2 vols. Francis P. Harper. $2.50.
Kanazin, N. N. The Two-Legged Wolf. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.
Larned, J. N. History for Ready Reference. Vol. I. A to Elba. Springfield, Mass.: C. A. Nichols & Co.
Lytton, Earl of. Lucile. New ed. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.
Marryat, Florence. How Like a Woman. Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Milman, H. D. Mr. Lake of Chicago. Street & Smith. 50 cents.
Nicolay, J. G., and Hay, John. Abraham Lincoln's Complete Works. 2 vols. Century Co.
Phelps, W. L. Selections from the Poetry and Prose of Thomas Gray. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Reed, J. D. The Muhammadans. 1001—1761. [Epochs of Indian History.] Longmans, Green & Co. $1.
Report on Governmental Maps for Use in Schools. Henry Holt & Co. 30 cents.
Steell, Willis. In Seville, and Three Toledan Days. Hillier, Murray & Co.
Stevens, C. E. Sources of the Constitution of the United States. Macmillan. $1.50.
Stockton, Frank R. Ardis Claverden. Scribners. $1.50.
Swinton, William. First Lessons in Our Country's History. Revised ed. American Book Co. 48 cents.
The Annual American Catalogue, 1893. *Publisher's Weekly.*
Tomkinson, Lieut.-Col. William. The Diary of a Cavalry Officer in the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Torr, Cecil. Ancient Ships. Cambridge; University Press; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Wallace, Prof. William. Hegel's Philosophy of Mind. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Walsh, J. H. Higher Arithmetic. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 75 cents.
Walsh, J. H. Intermediate Arithmetic. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 40 cents.
Ward, Mrs. Humphry. Marcella. 2 vols. Macmillan. $2.
Wenckebach, Prof. Carla. Ausgewählte Meisterwerke des Mittelalters. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.30.
White, Percy. Mr. Bailey-Martin. Lovell, Coryell & Co.

Zimmermann's Botanical Microtechnique.

Translated by James Ellis Humphrey, xii+296 pp. 8vo. Teachers' price $2.50; postage 15 cents.

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"It is alike valuable for the student and investigator. The translation has been well done."—*J. C. Arthur, Professor in Purdue University.*

Crozier's Dictionary of Botanical Terms.

By A. A. Crozier, Secretary of the American Pomological Society. 8vo, 202 pp. Price $3 00.

This work attempts to define in alphabetical order all terms, both technical and popular, that are applied to plants, and to indicate those obsolete or obsolescent, and of several synonyms the one most approved.

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